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NTENTS

TION IN A FREE SOCIETY	R. P. SCHWARZ
RAL AFRICAN UNIFICATION	SIR CHARLES DUNDAS
EY AND BULGARIA	MALCOLM BURR
PORTENT OF YUGOSLAVIA	K. ZILLIACUS
REFUGEES	TIBOR MENDE
ICAL EDUCATION	H. G. NICHOLAS
NDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL PURPOSE—I	LOUIS ARNAUD REID
POWER OF FAITH IN LITERATURE	RICHARD CHURCH
EE—*A Poem*	MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH
N CRESCENT HORN COMMANDS THE SKY—*A Poem*	IRIS BIRTWISTLE
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Inflation in a Free Society. By R. P. Schwarz	501
Central African Unification. By Sir Charles Dundas	509
Turkey and Bulgaria. By Malcolm Burr	510
The Portent of Yugoslavia. By K. Zilliacus	522
Arab Refugees. By Tibor Mende	528
Political Education. By H. G. Nicholas	535

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CONTENTS—*contd.*

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL PURPOSE—I. BY LOUIS ARNAUD REID ... 540

THE POWER OF FAITH IN LITERATURE. BY RICHARD CHURCH 546

A TREE—*A Poem.* BY MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH 553

WHEN CRESCENT HORN COMMANDS THE SKY—*A Poem.* BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE 553

FICTION TRENDS. BY PAMELA HINKSON 554

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY :

EZRA POUND. BY B. EVAN OWEN 562

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1951

INFLATION IN A FREE SOCIETY

BY R. P. SCHWARZ

DR. PAUL EINZIG, seemingly as unique among his fellow-economists as his name would indicate, undertook, in the May number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, the meritorious but thankless task of warning the world against the possibility of a slump should the Russians suddenly change front and move towards a settlement of their differences with the west. Thinking faster and further than most, he wrote with much justification :

> This is why it is essential that those responsible for the shaping of our economic policies should realize in time the possibility of a slump. In spite of their pre-occupations with the problem of inflation they should find time for studying well in advance the measures needed in order to check it before it spells disaster. To begin with, it is essential to decide that the slump must be checked, instead of welcoming it as a relief from inflationary pressure. The popular line will be to allow prices to fall to the lowest possible level. The layman can hardly be blamed if he were to expect his Government to follow such a policy. But experts, statesmen and administrators ought to know better, To some extent, the fall could and should be allowed to take its course. But a halt must be called before it has assumed such dimensions as to cause wholesale bankruptcies and large-scale unemployment. This in spite of the unpopularity of any official resistance to the fall in prices. *

Inflation is indeed the predominant pre-occupation of economists at the present time. Thus, the fifth and most striking chapter of the *Economic Survey of Europe in* 1950 (the fourth in this series of annual reports by the Research and Planning Division of the Economic Commission for Europe†), is entitled : "The Problem of Inflation " and in its entirety devoted to this single subject while numerous other passages deal with some of its special aspects.

Despite the many and very great merits of the Survey, its authors would seem to exaggerate somewhat the importance of to-day's inflation, whatever its impact on world economy. This is no doubt because its significance, unquestionable on any short-term view, can only be assessed properly when placed in the perspective of long-term developments—or at any rate longer-term developments than are contemplated in that report.

It is no doubt this predominance of the short-term approach which

* " The Coming Slump ", by Paul Einzig. THE FORTNIGHTLY, May 1951.

† The Economic Commission for Europe is a " subsidiary organ " of the Economic and Social Council, which is in turn one of the main organs of the United Nations organization. The report expresses the views of its authors, not of the Commission as such.

led the authors of the report to suggest a re-appreciation of European currencies against the dollar and the adoption of a system of fluctuating exchanges, instead of exchanges tied to a fixed par. Confronted with the old dilemma between stable exchange rates and a stable price level, they opt, in present conditions, for stable price levels. This appears, at first sight at least, as a reversal of the views implicit in the *Economic Survey of Europe in* 1948 when they hinted at the desirability of currency alignments, the European currencies being at that time considered as overvalued.* Not that they are to be blamed for this change of attitude. It can be justified by the complete change of circumstances that had occurred during the last two years. The only flaw is that the counter-remedy now proposed may be no better than the original medicine.

In retrospect indeed, the devaluation of sterling and many other currencies in September 1949—at any rate in the proportion then decided upon—turns out to have been a mistake. In an article which the writer wrote for THE FORTNIGHTLY of December 1949 under the title : " An Evaluation of Devaluation," he even then risked some predictions about the evil effects that would follow from the course then chosen : a worsening in Europe's terms of trade ; a rise in the price level ; the temptation to consider the dollar problem as practically solved and, as a consequence, the erroneous belief that equilibrium was being restored in world economy. Cassandra—unless she has masochistic leanings—has a thankless rôle even if events should vindicate her in the long run. Yet her rôle is necessary. Human proclivity towards self-deception, conscious, subconscious and unconscious, requires a check.

Events have largely justified those warnings. In some cases, this is quite evident. In others, events have taken the course predicted, but the writer could not claim that he was right for the right reasons. He did not for instance, in November 1949, foresee the outbreak of the Korean war in June of the following year although he might plead mitigating circumstances ; he found himself, in this respect, in the company of numerous military and political intelligence services, many of them far better equipped than he for crystal-gazing. Nor did he, for this very reason, believe at that time that the currency devaluations would bring about so considerable a rise in European and, particularly, in British gold and foreign exchange reserves. Again, he may contend that the extent of this rise was unpredictable at that time, precisely because it was one of the consequences of the Korean war provoked by the sudden demand for raw materials from

* The authors of the Survey may contend that devaluation was hinted at precisely because they considered it as a suitable means of achieving stable price levels. In their opinion, price levels then prevailing were untenable because of an excessive discrepancy between American and European prices. The fact remains, however, that the extent of this discrepancy had, to say the least, been considerably exaggerated. On this point, see *infra* Professor Hawtrey's recent letter to *The Times*.

British Commonwealth countries and other raw material producers. The figures of Britain's gold and foreign exchange reserves show clearly to what extent this rise was due to this extraneous event. The increase during the period September 19, 1949 (date of the devaluation) to June 30, 1949 (a period of somewhat under nine months) was equal to 1,082 million dollars. The war in Korea began on June 22, 1950 and the rise during the next nine-month period to March 31, 1951 amounted to more than double that figure, namely 2,336 million dollars. The impact of this unforeseen factor is thus quite evident.

The writer's main contention was, however, that the devaluation of 1949—contrary to opinions currently expressed after the event—had no justification in any major discrepancy between American and European prices such as could not have been corrected by other, less objectionable means. In support of this judgment, he quoted a significant passage from the 19th Annual Report of the Bank for International Settlements. In this context, a letter from Professor R. G. Hawtrey published in *The Times* of May 10 last is not without interest. Professor Hawtrey wrote :

> So long as the pound remains tied to the dollar at a fixed rate of exchange, our wage level and price level are bound eventually to be adjusted to the world price level. Since the pound was devalued in September 1949, the adjustment has been delayed and we have suffered severely from our exports being sold too cheap. The breakdown of the standstill of wages will permit of this weakness being remedied, but only by fastening upon this country a degree of inflation corresponding to devaluation. Thereby the competitive advantage which the devaluation was intended to confer on the British exporter will be nullified, but there is good reason for thinking that that advantage was never needed at all.

The final clause in the last sentence is tantamount to the recognition that devaluation was not justified by a difference in the price levels. The present writer concluded in 1949 that " devaluation had to be adopted as a hasty emergency measure, irrespective of its long-term consequences because politics on either side of the Atlantic did not permit economic recovery to be achieved by more sensible means."

But, it may be contended, circumstances have completely changed since then. Inflation is at present a very real danger—a danger that is bound to grow as the impact of the present rearmament drive makes itself increasingly felt. A policy of appreciating European currencies in terms of dollars might thus have very real merits. Admittedly also the plea for flexible exchanges—an outright challenge, incidentally, to the Bretton Woods system administered by another United Nations organization, the International Monetary Fund at Washington—might have something to commend itself. The writer is not suspect of any tender feelings for the Bretton Woods system*. But the reasons

* See his articles which appeared in THE FORTNIGHTLY in 1944, 1945, 1946 and since.

which militate against any further tinkering with the exchange rates, whether by any country, singly, or by several, collectively—are too weighty to be dismissed. On balance, it would seem that such a measure, from a long-term point of view, would do more harm than good.

Now, exchange appreciation has generally had a very bad press. But this opposition is not in itself a reason to dismiss the idea, for the *consensus omnium* is more frequently wrong than right. Most of the reasons so far adduced by the opponents of such a measure are themselves debatable. Whether the terms of trade would move this way or that way : whether prices would fall in the appreciating countries and by how much, or at least remain stable ; whether there would be unemployment : all this is more or less problematic—far more so indeed than was in 1949 the likelihood of an adverse movement in the terms of trade, of a rise in prices and of over-employment, through the need of exporting a greater volume of goods to secure at least the same proceeds in dollars.

But there are too many unknowns in the equations by which the human mind tries to figure out this problem. They just cannot be solved. The authors of the Survey write :

> On balance, it can be estimated that the fall in the average level of Europe's import prices (in case of a concerted exchange appreciation) would be roughly two thirds as great as the percentage reduction in European rates on the dollar, corresponding to a given degree of currency appreciation. In other words, if the rates on the dollar were brought down by 30 per cent., overseas import prices would fall by something like 20 per cent. and a smaller or greater change in the exchange rates would have a correspondingly smaller or greater effect in reducing import prices.

They add however :

> Since European exports also enter heavily into the imports of most European countries, their expected price behaviour would tend to reduce the average fall which any one European country might expect to obtain in the prices of its total imports, as compared with the decrease in the overseas import prices of European countries taken as a group. The overall decrease in import prices for any one European country (as a member of a larger group of countries appreciating their currencies) would probably be about one half of the percentage reduction in its exchange rate of the dollar, corresponding to the degree of depreciation.

In other words, if the U.K., as one of a group of countries appreciating their currencies, reduced the dollar quotation by say 20 per cent. thus making the rate £1=$ 3.50, against the present rate of $ 2.80, the total saving on all its imports, from dollar countries and other countries combined, would be about 10 per cent of the total present cost of these imports at unchanged prices.

While these calculations, admittedly, are presented as hypothetical by their authors, it must be remembered that by definition, there is no hypothesis without a premiss. In this case, there are even three

premisses all of which deserve careful examination. The first is the likelihood that overseas suppliers of raw materials will, at prices ruling on average at the end of 1950, secure foreign exchange proceeds from their exports to Europe and North America that look like being some 3,000 to 4,000 million dollars greater than those they obtained in 1950. The second premiss is that the United States is unlikely to provide the goods which these countries will want to purchase with the funds thus secured—a case of more money chasing fewer goods, but this time the world over and not only in one particular country. The third premiss is that the European countries—for the same reasons as the North American countries, that is, defence priorities, cuts in the production of consumption goods and inflationary demand—will in turn be unable to provide for any appreciable part of their needs.

Things may or may not turn out this way. If stringent credit restrictions were to be applied in the industrial countries, hoarding of raw materials would have to stop. Production, contrary to the assumptions of the Survey, might then if not expand, at least remain at more or less the present level and inflation might thus be confined within narrow limits if not completely arrested. Let alone a possible collapse of raw material prices, admitted by the authors of the Survey :

> A collapse of raw material prices would, of course, completely alter the outlook, but the recent declines in the prices of certain key commodities—rubber, tin and wool—have done little more than wipe out the additional increases which have been registered after the end of 1950 and even a further weakening may be outweighed by the more gradual, but broader upward movement which has been imparted to primary prices in general.

The key words in this sentence, to a cautious reader at least, are " would " and " may ". While the inflationary effect of the rise in raw material prices has not yet exhausted itself, the assumptions made by Dr. Einzig in his above-mentioned article appear equally plausible, if not more so. Dr. Einzig maintained that the Russians, by a sudden reversal of their policy, which would not be the first, might suddenly propose a settlement of the conflict between east and west which their opponents, for psychological and institutional reasons, would be unable to resist. Such resistance would be impossible even if the western governments were fully aware that the net result of the settlement would only be another scrap of paper of the " peace-in-our-time " variety. On the merits of these assumptions one can only express a personal judgment. One must agree with Dr. Einzig that " Marshal Stalin and his advisers are reasonably aware that a suspension or a reversal of the rearmament race would provoke a slump in the democratic countries " and that they " are

sufficiently Machiavellian to realize the possible economic consequences of a settlement with the western powers." It should be added that militarily, the advantages of such a move would outweigh anything that even a successful struggle against the western powers might secure for them, precisely because these advantages would have been obtained by a bloodless victory. And as the whole argument is based on the premiss that Marshal Stalin and his advisers know full well what they are doing, one might as well assume that they can hardly be unaware of their quantitative inferiority in the field of industrial production, whatever their propaganda may have to say on this point for internal and external consumption. The likelihood of such a plan being present in their minds is therefore very great, as is also the probability that it will not be applied before rearmament in the west has proceeded much further. For it is then, precisely, that such a move could produce its most telling effect. Finally, one need not doubt that the Russians would succeed in securing such a settlement from unwilling western governments ruling over only too willing nations. If all that is admitted, it becomes immediately clear how dangerous would be an economic policy that banks exclusively on the continuation and intensification of the rearmament race.

But quite apart from such military and political considerations, a re-appreciation of currencies appears a dangerous solution, even on purely economic grounds. That judgment is not founded on the opposition, openly declared, of the International Monetary Fund. We should neither over-estimate its positive power, nor underestimate its negative (nuisance) value. France disregarded its advice when she devalued in 1948 and weathered quite successfully the thunder and lightning that rolled over the Atlantic at that time. Nor would it appear that Britain and the other countries which devalued in September 1949 more than perfunctorily consulted the Fund before proceeding with this measure. True, the Fund was then known to be, on the whole, in favour of a general currency alignment.

The real reason is that, appearances notwithstanding, the balance of payments problem of the West European countries in so far as it affects their relations with the United States, is by no means solved. Without the present rearmament race, it would at best be reduced in its dimensions. Even in present conditions only one major country—Britain—has so far found it possible to dispense with Marshall help. The rearmament race halted and the exceptional (and to a large extent speculative) profits gone, the balance of payments would in all these countries appear in a far less favourable light. In 1950, Europe's dollar deficit on trade account (that is the excess of imports over exports) still stood at 2,000 million dollars, against 3,300 in

1949. The net deficit still remained at 1,600 million dollars, against 3,200 million dollars in 1949, after deducting 100 million dollars of investment income (against nil in 1949), eliminating the transportation account which balanced in 1950 (against a deficit of 200 million dollars in 1949) and deducting 300 million dollars for " other services " (same amount in 1949). What that net balance would have been without the extraordinary receipts on trade and services account is anybody's guess. But if we assume that about half of the improvement was due to these exceptional factors, Europe would under normal conditions still have been left with a net deficit of some 2,400 million dollars, or far more than American private investors have so far shown willingness to finance. Thus, the balance of payments problem is still very real even though the rosy clouds of inflation may hide it from our view. But supposing even the results of 1950 had been achieved in normal conditions, it is still not enough to consider the results of one, two or even three years in isolation. A stricter criterion is required. The balance of payments problem will have been solved when international payments, taking the average of lean years and fat years over a decade, will have shown approximate equilibrium. It is no good crying victory any sooner.

Thus, even if it is argued that in present conditions, a reduction in European exports would not greatly affect the European balance of payments position, that, in fact, Europe by appreciating her currencies might earn more dollars despite selling fewer goods, the accent in this sentence must be on " in present conditions ". On any long-term view, the argument is of doubtful weight. But modifications in exchange rates, as even those admit who opt for a stable price level and against a fixed exchange rate, should not be made too often and too lightly. In other words, exchange policy if it should not completely disregard short-term factors, must in the last resort be based on long-term considerations.

Less spectacular means than currency appreciations will therefore have to be used. The Survey does not fail to mention them, for the currency proposals are only part of what it calls an " integrated set of measures ", but the fact is that space granted to their discussion amounts to one page in a chapter consisting of 58 pages. These means, however, are distinctly painful. Inflation can be controlled. But do not let us delude ourselves. The United States and its allies, while not preparing *for*, are preparing *against*, war. They are doing so in conditions which even in the U.S. make it difficult if not impossible to produce both butter and guns. Let alone in the other countries associated with it where the problem, for obvious reasons, defies solution. A " near-war " economy can only be conducted with " near-war " means. That means still higher taxes ; rationing of some goods—perhaps not as many as during the last war, but

quite a number ; an effective international system of raw material allocations and probably also sooner or later allocation of shipping ; and finally, controls of all kinds and, not least, of profits, labour and wages. It is quite useless to shirk this issue. The longer we do so and the harsher the measures will have to be when they come. And come they will, unless Dr. Einzig's predictions are borne out by events.

Nowhere are such measures more necessary than in the United States whose behaviour in the economic as in the political field exercises a decisive influence on the rest of the world. The measures taken so far in Washington are pusillanimous, but there is no doubt that, as rearmament develops, their insufficiency will appear so glaring as to entail correction. Having gone so far, it is quite unlikely that the Americans will stop at half measures. They mean business and even, as some feel, with an excess of rashness. *The Economist* of June 9, in its American Survey, reported from Washington as follows :

> Having explained the logical, though by no means painless rules Mr. Wilson (the U.S. Director of Defence mobilization) wanted to see observed in the allocation of scarce resources both in the United States and among America's allies, Mr. Foster (Administrator, Economic Co-operation Administration) rather sadly conceded that the present powers to enforce these rules in the United States were incomplete and divided ; there would be undeniable difficulties in resisting domestic pressures. This was, he said, a beginning : an attempt to get things going the right way. Now Britain, he told the newspapermen, had advanced much further towards centralized control. Britain had great advantages. He indicated that the United States were moving further in the direction of the admirable British pattern.

Without claiming that it is admirable, we may say that it is a necessity for the purpose of rearmament. It is of course much more pleasant to live in an uncontrolled economy. That is at least what a minority of vocal citizens, to judge from their press, want us to believe, while a majority of their otherwise less articulate brethren, so far at least, have shown by their votes that they prefer on the whole " fair shares " to " shares fair ". But if the international situation is really such as to make the armament drive a necessity, then we must will the means to the end. Admittedly this is not so much Britain's problem. The question is how to enforce controls in countries less amenable to Government direction such as the United States, Belgium and in particular, France and Italy. But whether they like it or not, these countries will have to find a way of combining a modicum of discipline with their accustomed measure of freedom. In the last two countries, especially, the ruling classes have learned very little from the last war. They now have the choice between self-discipline and Communism.

CENTRAL AFRICAN UNIFICATION

By Sir Charles Dundas

THE unification in one form or another of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland has in recent years been a subject of much discussion and is of growing importance in the general scheme of things to come in the Continent of Africa, more particularly in the southern regions in which the destiny not only of the African race but also that of not negligible White populations has yet to be finally shaped.

As a background to the existing situation it is to be noted that the Rhodesias formerly comprised not two but three separate administrative areas : Southern, North Eastern and South Western Rhodesia, the whole being originally administered by the British South Africa Company under a charter granted to that Cecil Rhodes foundation in 1889. In 1911 North Eastern and South Western Rhodesia were amalgamated as a Protectorate and in 1924 Southern Rhodesia became a self governing colony (having by referendum rejected the alternative of incorporation in the Union of South Africa). Thus it may be said that the present movement towards union of these territories is really one of reunion, a fact that tends to strengthen the case so far as it concerns the two Rhodesias.

The position of Nyasaland is somewhat different, that country's association with the Rhodesias being of comparatively recent date and largely due to extraneous circumstances.

In the years immediately following the 1914-1918 war there was much popular demand for unification of the British territories in Eastern Africa and as a first step in that direction there was instituted the East African Governor's Conference as an inter-territorial body for co-ordination of common affairs in that region. Nyasaland had always been considered as belonging to the East African group and was, as a matter of course, included in the Conference organization, and, lest it be left so to speak in the air, Northern Rhodesia was likewise included, albeit it had but limited interest and part in the concerns of East Africa proper, having more direct contact with Southern Rhodesia, particularly in the way of joint administration of the Rhodesia Railway, the life line of both countries. In 1927, however, a Commission appointed to make recommendations on East African unification advised that while Northern Rhodesia and

Nyasaland should maintain contact with the Conference territories, they had in fact nearer affinity to Southern Rhodesia. This pronouncement, no doubt, stimulated interest in the project for amalgamation of the two Rhodesias, towards which some leading persons in Northern Rhodesia had been lukewarm and even opposed, and there followed periodic local agitation for merging the two countries. But in 1938 another Commission under chairmanship of Lord Bledisloe held that such would not be in their best interests, though it should be kept in view as an ultimate objective.

The exigencies of the 1939-1945 war brought about the next development in the situation. The two protectorates, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, had (as they still have) in common with the East African countries such matters as constitutional status and method of administration, civil services, legal systems and more or less common codes of law, and, most important, they had identical native policies. On the other hand they were, and are, more closely identified with Southern Rhodesia in economics and communications, labour affairs and defence. It was inevitable that in wartime these latter were the pre-eminently important considerations, rendering closest collaboration with the self governing colony imperative, and the need was felt for machinery to sustain it. Therefrom emerged in 1945 a Central African Council, set up as a consultative body for the handling of mutual matters. But consultation may fall far short of effective collaboration, especially where, as in this case, one party is master in its own house and the other two parties are subordinate to another and remote authority, the Colonial Office. It is evident that the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia has felt dissatisfied with the position and that he desires either some more effectual and constitutional organization or disencumbrance from the existing complication, which, no doubt, must at times be embarrassing. At the same time it would seem that amalgamation has been ruled out, and hence the present project for federation as a compromise arrangement.

Federation implies a measure of autonomy for each federal component, but at least it requires also a central and representative legislature vested with overall power, and it is not apparent how this can function where the components are of unequal status and their internal affairs are subject to different treatment. One could not picture the Australian Federation, for instance, so constituted that some of its States would still be under Colonial Office control. The first requisite for federation, for that matter of any combination of these territories, must therefore surely be the transference of responsibility for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland from the Colonial Office to the Commonwealth Relations Ministry. But even with that there would be no parity or identity of constitution and basic policy

o long as the protectorate status of these two territories continued. n other words annexations of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland vould seem a necessary prelude to federation with Southern Rhodesia.

Annexation, entailing as it would a fundamental change of national tatus for the indigenous inhabitants, cannot be effected without their ree consent. It is here that the crux of the matter lies, for it is the ttitude of the Native populations that is largely, if not entirely, lecisive. That in turn is determined by the racial policy to be expected o follow from unification of the three countries and it is this considera- ion that makes these Natives strongly opposed to union of any sort vith the self-governing colony. Southern Rhodesian policy, though nore liberal than that of the Union of South Africa, is yet racially liscriminating and does not assure to Africans the political rights Britain has pledged herself to confer on all peoples in her colonies. The latest proposal emerging from the recent inter-territorial con- erence held in London is that there should be a sort of super- uthority for the safeguarding of Native interests and in the last esort submission to Westminster, wherewith, presumably the Jnited Kingdom Parliament would have authority to intervene in Central African affairs. Such would be incompatible with dominion overeignty and Southern Rhodesians have aspirations to attainment f dominion status. There seems, however, to be sharp division of pinion, one party holding that this is the prime objective and fearing hat it will be impeded by federation, the other standing for federation rst, with hope that dominion status will ere long follow. At all vents the pleasing vision of a new dominion appears to fade in the ght of the present proposals.

Those proposals have yet to be cast in final shape and it remains o be seen whether they will be radically altered or possibly even ejected *in toto*. On the whole they savour of tinkering and half neasures ; they strike the writer, at least, as distinctly artificial and imid. A bolder and at the same time more rational solution of the roblem is called for, one that will minimize obstacles yet achieve he main objective, which one may suppose to be the establishment f a larger self-governing Rhodesia ranking as a dominion.

The most important consideration is, perhaps, the extent of this Rhodesia of the future. The area of the three territories together is o less than 478,000 square miles and its population roughly six nillions of whom but 2½ per cent. are Europeans. So long as overnance of the whole devolves on the latter it is dubious, to say he least, whether they can have the capacity to furnish all the services, nterior and exterior, and assume full responsibility for such a vast egion. The burden must fall mainly on Southern Rhodesia, which as by far the larger portion of the white population, but she has

enough to cope with in provision for her own needs and would be ill-advised to shoulder so much more. Her difficulties will be accentuated if in due course she takes over the whole or even part of Bechuanaland, as is her ambition and possibly obligatory upon her.

From this point of view, as also for the sake of minimizing the racial complication, it will be wise to limit the self-governing territory to manageable proportions and contrive that it be as " White " as may be. On this premise it will be well worth while to give consideration to a suggestion put forward by Sir Stuart Gore Browne, a prominent resident of many years standing in Northern Rhodesia and until lately a Native representative in the legislature of that country. In brief Sir Stuart contemplates the partition of Northern Rhodesia into three portions of which one would be amalgamated with Southern Rhodesia and two would be established as separate protectorates. Thus British Central Africa would continue to comprise three separate territories but the apportionment would be different. For convenience the three areas may be designated : Rhodesia, Nyasaland and Barotse. The first named would be a country in which Whites would predominate ; the second and third would be essentially Black countries.

As to the territorial division of Northern Rhodesia it is to be noted that it is not in any sense a geographic or national unit and its boundaries have no real significance, so that there is no reason why they should not be readjusted to suit new purposes. In so far as the aim be the creation of a new dominion it is primarily a matter of considering how Southern Rhodesia may safely expand with avoidance of overstrain and with exclusion of areas exotic and encumbering to her. From this point of view the most natural extension would be a broad swathe cutting across Northern Rhodesia and comprising the railway from Livingstone to the Belgian Congo, the principal European farm lands, the mines, in short the area in which industrial development and White settlement is feasible and, in prospect, certainly also the route of a railway that must sooner or later be built to connect the Northern Rhodesia copper belt with Salisbury, whereby the main export route *via* Beira would be shortened by some hundreds of miles.

A Rhodesia so composed would embrace practically the whole field in which European activity of real worth can be foreseen ; it would be of reasonable extent and relatively richly endowed with natural resources, and it would be as near uni-racial as any African country can be. Against these advantages there must be set the fact that the remainder of Northern Rhodesia would be shorn of the assets and main sources of revenue that country now possesses : the mines and railway. But it cannot be said that the areas so

ıffected have any inherent claim to these resources, for it is by pure ıccident and arbitrary demarcation of territorial boundaries that they ıappen to be within the region to which was given the name Northern Rhodesia. The mines are the creation of White men, but they furnish ılso the principle means of earning for the Natives in the remotest ɔarts of Northern Rhodesia, who have practically no other way of ɐarning. There is no reason why they should not continue to enjoy hat benefit from these mines merely because they are situated in ınother territory. The Northern Rhodesian Natives have very ɑrgely become miners by vocation and for many years have ɾavelled far afield to seek employment, not only in Northern Rhodesia but in Southern Rhodesia, Tanganyika Territory, Belgian Congo and on the Rand.

With the amalgamation of Southern Rhodesia and this middle ection of Northern Rhodesia, there would be re-established the ormerly existing North Eastern and South Western territories, both educed in area. The first named adjoins Nyasaland on its north-astern side for the length of some four hundred miles without any ıatural demarcation, in point of fact this boundary cuts through one f the major tribes of the region, the Angoni, a position that should n any case be rectified. Nyasaland is a very small country, little nore than one fifth the size of Northern Rhodesia, but the two ogether would make a normal-sized crown colony, compact and nternally well knit. It would probably be more naturally grouped vith East than with Central Africa.

In what would remain of the old South Western Territory the most mportant section is the Barotse country which is administered under ın agreement concluded between Cecil Rhodes and King Lewanika, ɔy the terms of which it is virtually a semi-autonomous native State ınd as such probably a misfit in the new dominion. The Barotse are branch of the Bechuanas and it would perhaps be preferable that hey should be re-united with the parent tribal group. Here it is to ɔe noted that Southern Rhodesia has a certain lien on Bechuanaland or the reason that it was originally allocated to the British South Africa Company, an arrangement that was cancelled only as a onsequence of the Jamieson raid. It is, however, very questionable vhether Southern Rhodesia, or the new dominion would do wisely o saddle itself with such a huge, remote and purely Native territory.

The dispositions suggested here are set out only as a scheme in ɔroadest outline by which British Central Africa might be rationally ɹpportioned if the emergence of a new dominion is the desired goal. ɓut with or without that purpose it will be of advantage to sort out his region which has been thrown together in very haphazard ıanner because it was originally done for and by private enterprise.

What is wanted before any further political developments are brought about is the unification of those portions which have natural affinity, one to the other, and excision from each of such parts as do not properly belong together. If a new dominion there is to be, let it be founded on rational basis, above all let it be as homogeneous as is possible, for only so will it have stability. To this end it may even be advantageous to transfer certain portions of Southern Rhodesia to another territory.

The aforesaid plan is tantamount to a proposal for separation of the Rhodesias in White and Black areas and to that extent it savours of the much decried South African policy of *Apartheid*. Objectionable as that policy seems to many both within and outside the Union, no other practical alternative has so far been put forward for a just and contenting political system in a multi-racial area. If, nevertheless, the problem seems insoluble in the Union of South Africa that is so just because it has been left to drift until White and Black have become inextricably mingled, yet not harmoniously so. The same problem looms in sight for Kenya, where it may prove even more difficult of solution. If it cannot be entirely avoided in Central Africa the aim should be to minimize it by physical separation of the races, at least to the extent that the racial scales are not wholly unbalanced. Unless that is made a chief objective in the establishment of the new dominion the problem of South Africa will be reproduced there in accentuated measure.

(*The Hon. Sir Charles Dundas, K.C.M.G., who writes from South Africa, was Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia in the* 1930's. *He has served* 24 *years in various capacities in East Africa and from* 1940 *to* 1944 *was Governor of Uganda.*)

TURKEY AND BULGARIA

By Malcolm Burr

EARLY in August 1950 the Bulgarian Government gave notice to the Turkish Government that it was about to take a step unique in international relations. It was going to expel a quarter of a million of its own subjects, but of Turkish race, into Turkey. They were to be admitted in three months.

Relations between Turks and Bulgars, if correct, have usually been strained. There is an incompatibility between the two peoples apart from differences in race and religion. The Turks cannot forget that for many centuries Bulgaria was an Ottoman province and the Bulgars defeated *rayahs*, nor the Bulgars that the Turks were formerly their masters. When the Principality of Bulgaria was created in 1878—not the Great Bulgaria desired by Russia, but the little Bulgaria whittled down by the Berlin Treaty—a large number of Turks remained behind, mainly as farmers, on the land where their ancestors had lived for generations. Great battles had been fought on that land, some won, some lost, and the names of Varna, Nikopol, Plevna and the Shipka Pass are graven upon Turkish history. When I first visited Bulgaria she had been an independent State only for 23 years and Turkish influence was still prominent. Everyone, except the children, was bilingual, while customs and costumes were a reminder that the Turks had left within the memory of most men then living. To-day only the Bulgarian speech is heard.

The antagonism is due not only to these historical causes, but to temperament. The historical relations of the Greeks and of the Serbs with the Turks are the same, yet the mutual attitude is quite different. Greece and Turkey to-day are friends. For the Serbs the Turks entertain the feeling of respect of one martial race for another. An anecdote may be quoted here that illustrates this fact. In 1912 the Bulgars were besieging Edirne, then known in Europe as Adrinople, unsuccessfully. They appealed for help to their Serbian allies. These, having defeated the Turkish West Macedonian army at Kumanovo and Bitolj (Monastir), as they marched to the rescue mobilized all cattle *en route* and brought up heavy artillery. On arrival, they stampeded the cattle through the barbed wire entanglements and bombarded the city with their big guns. Before long the starved and battered Turks had no choice but to surrender. A Bulgarian colonel and a Serbian officer, Major Gavrilovich, went in

to accept the surrender. The Turkish commander, Shukru Pasha, handed his sword not to the Bulgarian colonel but to the junior Serbian officer. He knew which had defeated him.

The number of Turks who remained in Bulgaria has been estimated at about 800,000, out of a total population of Bulgaria of about six million. In the eyes of the Bulgars they are aliens in speech, blood, faith and tradition, and a potential source of danger in the event of war. Further, since Bulgaria turned Communist this difference has been aggravated, for the Turkish peasant is at heart strongly anti-Communist. The mutual dislike has been intensified.

This dislike is expressed in the state of tension on the frontier which has long since become chronic. The only part of the long northern Turkish frontier which is not the Black Sea is in the hands of what is known as an " autonomous province ", with about as much independence as the Crimea. There have been a series of affairs euphemistically recorded as " incidents ". Frequently individuals and small groups of Turks from Bulgaria have managed to make their way across into Turkey and all too often there have been shooting affrays. There have been such incidents as the explosion of the bomb at the Turkish consulate at Plovdiv and the arrest and rough treatment of the Turkish courier at the frontier, while from time to time we read in the papers that shepherds and farm workers on the frontier have been shot or kidnapped. The movement of infiltration by Bulgarian Turks dates from the separation of the country. The immigrants in general have made good in their new yet ancestral home. The most distinguished of them was Abdullah Fehmi Effendi, whose son has won fame as the first Democrat President of the Republic of Turkey.

The Communist régime, by its antagonism to the Turkish yeoman and by its whole policy, has made life unendurable for the resident Turks and the volume of immigration was intensified. By the end of June 1950 it was officially estimated that in the first six months of the year no less than 11,000 Turkish refugees had crossed the frontier. It had become necessary to organize their reception upon a grand scale. The Vali of Istanbul formed a society to help Turkish refugees. On June 17 a deputy in the National Assembly, Dr. Zeki Erataman, tabled a motion asking the Government's intentions with regard to the 100,000 applications for entrance visas received at the Turkish consulates in Bulgaria. The matter was taken up by the press and articles appeared criticizing what was described as official inactivity, urging that energetic steps be taken to provide adequate settlement for 17,000 families, which were suffering ruthless oppression at the hands of the Communist Government in Sofia. A group of 20 refugees said that the Bulgars, alarmed at the growth of the movement, were trying to discourage it by spreading stories of the

hardship and suffering awaiting the immigrants in Turkey. When the Bulgarian Minister in Ankara, M. Chobanoff, suddenly left for Sofia early in August and returned in a fortnight, public anxiety associated this move with the question and in the National Assembly the Ministers of Agriculture and of Health agreed to afford shelter to groups of from ten to fifteen thousand at a time.

A few days later the Bulgarian Government handed the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in Sofia a note requesting that all Turkish residents in Bulgaria who wished to leave the country should be evacuated within three months. The Ankara Government set to work at once to take steps for the reception of this vast influx. It was estimated that the cost would be in the neighbourhood of a hundred million liras. The news provoked resentful comment ; how was it possible to receive and settle immigrants at the rate of 20,000 a week ? And what about the remaining half million or so Turks left in Bulgaria ?

The motives of the Bulgarian Government were clear. In the first place they wished to get rid of a large population out of sympathy and actually hostile to them. Also, this would facilitate the nominal purchase but virtual confiscation of the property left behind, usually small farms. In the third place an opportunity would be given for the infiltration into Turkey of Communist agents and potential fifth columnists. Fourthly, the Turkish Government would be embarrassed with such a mass of humanity on the approach of winter and, fifthly, there would be a fresh weapon for anti-Turkish propaganda stories of the hardship and suffering of the dispossessed families and their difficulties in settling down in their new homes.

A Turkish press agency reported that the Bulgarian Government had launched a campaign of terror against the Turkish minority and issued secret instructions that no Bulgar was to buy anything from a Turk or in any way to facilitate Turkish departures. A few days later the Turkish newspapers published the contents of the Bulgarian note, which stated that the Sofia Government had told all departments that Turks who wished to immigrate into Turkey were to be granted passports. These instructions had in fact been issued shortly after the end of the war and were in keeping with the Turco-Bulgarian agreement of 1925 providing for facilities for mutual immigration. The note said that investigation had revealed that there were a quarter of a million Turks eager to migrate and that over 54,000 had already received their passports. The note further alleged that the Turkish Government, in order to excite hostility against the Bulgarian, had exploited official documents relating to the position of Turks desirous of immigrating and claimed that for the past two years the Turkish officials in Bulgaria had made endless efforts to provoke the Turkish minority against the Bulgarian Government and had done their utmost to discourage immigration, having granted only 16,000 visas. After

further allegations of Turkish official provocation, the Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs had been instructed to comply with the request for passports of most of the Turkish minority in Bulgaria.

The Turkish reply flatly denied all the allegations and recalled the convention of reciprocal immigration concluded many years previously, emphasizing that the two contracting parties had agreed to put no obstacles in the way of voluntary migration on either side. It offered to provide an amicable setttlement for the 250,000, but if that proved impossible the Turkish Government would appeal to international institutions. The reply added in vigorous terms that the Bulgarian behaviour was a violation of all human rights and protested energetically against the discourteous language employed.

Meanwhile newcomers into Turkey brought stories of rough treatment by Bulgarian officials. Most were in a pitiable condition, many barefoot. They alleged that they were given but short notice to quit and forced to abandon their belongings. Their homes had been ransacked by Bulgarian officials before they left. By September they were coming in at the rate of 150 or more a day. Then suddenly the Bulgars stopped the Simplon Express. They told Bulgarian and Russian passengers that they could continue their journey by omnibus, but all others were sent back to Turkey. At that time the Ankara authorities had received over 100,000 offers from Turkish families to accommodate their own relatives among the immigrants and The Red Crescent had found another 1,500 beds.

The stopping of the Simplon train lifted the matter into the sphere of international interest. The Turks then found 150 Gipsies without visas to whom they refused admittance. By mid-September the Turks had no less than 700 such Gipsies under surveillance and accommodated apart. By this time the United States authorities were interested and sent a consular commission to investigate. An episode typical of frontier conditions occurred on September 18, when five Bulgarian labourers tried to take advantage of the opportunity to seek refuge in Turkey from their own people. Two were shot by their own frontier guards, but three escaped across and were given asylum by the Turks. At the same time the Greek frontier officials accepted a group of 79 visa-less Gipsies to hand back to the Bulgars. By this time 160,000 visas had been issued ; 25,000 of the immigrants arrived, and another 24,000 were waiting,

The world was now taking notice of the scandal. The Turkish delegate to the United Nations supported the Australian complaint that the satellite States were depriving their minorities of their rights.

An incident occurred in September when it was found that in a batch of 600 immigrants no less than a hundred had neither passport nor visa. This was a direct violation of the protocol, so the Turks ordered the closing of the frontier. Sofia's reply was to broadcast a

demand that immigration continue into Turkey unconditionally. Shortly after it was found that there were still no less than 450 without visas, who were rejected. By October the three months were nearly up and only 30,000 had arrived. Reports from Sofia said that the Bulgarian Government had informed 50,000 prosperous Turks that they must leave the country within a few days.

The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Professor Fuat Köprülü, announced that the frontier had been closed in order to exclude people without passports or visas and that those who tried to introduce non-Turks into Turkey must be made to realize that they could not do so. The closing of the frontier and failure of the attempt at mass infiltration irritated the Sofia Government, which broke out into their customary rudeness in a personal attack upon the Turkish Prime Minister. " While men like Menderes are being entertained at night clubs in Istanbul and Europe," they cried, " the Turks have wilfully neglected their brethen in Bulgaria, who have sold all their property and are still awaiting their visas into Turkey." As to selling their property, the immigrants are full of complaints that they were forced to sell and in many cases under such pressure and haste that they made huge losses.

On October 17 the Turkish Government reminded the Bulgars again of the protocol of 1925, which the Bulgarian Government had violated, while they had left all demand for discussion unanswered. The Turkish information was that the Bulgars were constantly pressing the Turkish minority to leave and many Turkish villages had been forcibly evacuated. The Turks, left homeless, were subject to the most arbitrary treatment on the part of the Bulgarian authorities. It reminded the Sofia Government that the exchange with Greece, which had been carried out in a friendly spirit, had taken seven years, yet Sofia now wanted a mass delivery rushed through in three months. The reply denied Bulgarian allegations of lack of interest and stated that visas had been refused by them where investigation had revealed that the applicants were in touch with the Bulgarian police. In September alone Turkish consulates had issued 37,848 visas. It repeated that the frontier had been closed solely to exclude visa-less Gipsies. Finally, unless the matter were cleared satisfactorily the Turkish Government would soon bring the matter before the international organizations.

By now deplorable accounts were reaching Turkey of the situation of those waiting at Svilengrad on the Bulgarian side. The weather had deteriorated and poor wretches of both sexes and all ages were left in unprotected camps, often without cover. The Bulgars had taken away their ration cards and there were thousands without the most elementary necessities. Famine and disease had broken out and at least 400 had died. The Bulgars retorted that all Turkish consulates

were dens of spies and would be closed down. Almost daily there were shooting incidents on the frontier.

On October 19 Paris Radio broadcast an account of the situation, which it described as tense and likely to lead to trouble and later it was reported, also from Paris, that the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs had proposed to the Committee of Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe that the matter of the mass expulsion should be placed upon the agenda. This was agreed and the Council approved the Turkish protest describing the expulsion as unjustifiable.

In November the Turkish Government announced that it would reopen the frontier, but close it again at once if the Bulgars continued to send more Gipsies across. It was estimated that there were then some 15,000 immigrants waiting with visas, who would be admitted at once. At the same time correspondents in Edirne reported that they had heard from immigrants that the Bulgarian police were ill-treating and even torturing Turks. Well-to-do families were sent to concentration camps, the most dreaded of which was at Nojarovo. Turks who refused to sell their property were threatened with detention in such camps until they yielded.

The first train that crossed the frontier, on November 3, took back 360 Gipsies and brought over 162 immigrants. Within an hour they had receive shelter and hot food. They reported that there were still 4,700 waiting at Svilengrad. By the second week in November the Bulgars showed signs of humanity and concluded an agreement by which the immigrants should come in groups. They abandoned the idea of forcing across a quarter of a million and agreed that only 80,000 should be sent in 1951, the remainder in following years. (On the 6th a Turkish shepherd had been shot by Bulgarian patrols when feeding his flocks near the frontier.)

On November 22 the President of Turkey, Jelal Bayar, took the chair at a meeting of the association for aiding immigrants. He pointed out that these victims of an evil policy were a matter of concern to the whole world. The immigrants were mostly farmers, foresters and horse breeders, who would be a valuable element in the population. He pointed out that some of the State-owned farms were a liability rather than an asset and the immigrants would be distributed over them. " We are performing a historical feat," he concluded, " and these immigrants will play an important part in the recovery of our nation." The President was no doubt thinking of his own origin.

By the turn of the year the total number received amounted to 51,000. The problem of their settlement had become so pressing that Turkey had asked for 30 million dollars under the Marshall Plan. (On arrival the immigrants are subject to meticulous medical examination, and food and accommodation are provided for them near the

frontier.) Public sentiment was now deeply stirred and voluntary help came flowing in. The President of the National Assembly broadcast an appeal for support, which the Central Bank opened with £T100,000. The newspaper *Hürriyet* was the first private subscriber with £T10,000. The Ottoman Bank gave £T500,000 and an Istanbul merchant and his wife contributed a property of over 600,000 square metres for the benefit of the fund. The Iran Lion and Sun Organization gave £500 sterling and the Turkish Chamber of Commerce announced a 100 per cent. increase in its fees, which was calculated to bring in £T500,000. A special lottery yielded £T1½ million. It was reported that well known Turkish writers and Halide Edip Adivar, the famous woman novelist, were leaving for a lecture tour in the United States on behalf of the immigrants, and a distinguished journalist who is an authority on Arab affairs left to tour the Arabic-speaking world.

The immigrants continue to bring stories of the misdeeds of the Bulgars, many of which may be discounted, but the insoluble residue is bad enough. Those coming in April said that the Bulgars were building fortifications along the frontier and sending the people away by night so that they should not see the work. Another story was that all nursing mothers were ordered to supply ten kilos of milk to the authorities or, failing that, 15 of cows' milk.

By the turn of the year the initial rush had subsided and the matter assumed the form of normal immigration on a large scale. It was reported that the International Refugee Organization was sending a special mission and that the Assistant Director General, Mr. Cohen Meyer, and the English Counsellor Lush, with Dr. Coigny, had arrived in Turkey to study the methods for the integration of the mass of immigrants into Turkish economy. By May the building of 30 new villages had begun, each of a hundred houses, on State land. The larger houses will have accommodation for ten persons, the smaller for six. The immigrants themselves will provide the labour, the local authorities the transport. The cost of materials will be £T2,500 per house, so the 30 villages will be built for an outlay of £T7½ million.

On May 9 the Turkish delegate to the World Association of Health, Dr. Nail Karabuda, in thanking the Organization for its assistance, was able to report that his Government was now able to cope with the situation and therefore happy not to call upon the 35,000 dollars which had been granted. Thus an affair which carried the germs of a dangerous crisis has been toned down in a way that reflects great credit upon the Turkish Government.

(*Dr. Malcolm Burr writes from Istanbul where he lives.*)

THE PORTENT OF YUGOSLAVIA

By K. Zilliacus

THREE years after her break with the Soviet Union Yugoslavia is showing the world that a Communist régime is evolving from a revolutionary dictatorship into a democratic socialist society. The leaders in this process of transformation are re-thinking the Marxist social analysis, enriched by the experience of the Russian and East European revolutions, on bold and original lines, and are applying it to the needs of their own country, with startling results. At the same time they are discussing and dissecting Soviet society and the Soviet system with a knowledge and insight the west cannot hope to rival and from a Marxist-Leninist standpoint that makes their critique deadly to Soviet and Cominform adherents.

Marxism, said Marshal Tito once, is nine-tenths practice and ten per cent. theory. In one sense the changes in Yugoslavia since the break with the Soviet Union have been dictated by necessity. In another, they are inspired by courage, common sense and patriotism, not doctrine. But the significance to the rest of the world of the Yugoslav reaction to necessity and the human qualities of the Yugoslav leaders has been greatly enhanced by the fact that they are convinced, life-long, highly-trained Communists and that Yugoslavia was regarded by the Kremlin before the break as the staunchest and most thorough-going of all the " people's democracies ".

At first the breach with the Soviet Union and the Cominform States was regarded as due to a misunderstanding, which would be cleared up when the Soviet leaders discovered that in fact Yugoslavia was neither joining the western bloc nor ceasing to build Socialism according to Marxist-Leninist principles. At that time the Yugoslavs felt their isolation keenly—their fear and suspicion of the western powers was unabated and they kept hoping against hope for reconciliation with their former Socialist allies.

When the Soviet Government followed up the breach with the Cominform on the party level, by using the power of the Soviet State to tear up treaties, break off economic relations and all but completely sever diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia, and compelled the Cominform States to follow suit, the conflict entered a new phase. To-day the Yugoslav Government Party and public opinion are convinced of the inveterate hostility to them of the present régime in

the Soviet Union, whose desire is to overthrow the Yugoslav Government and break the resistance of the Yugoslav people to Soviet tutelage by every means short of war.

In this situation they have found themselves obliged increasingly to rely on the good will and understanding of the western democracies and have been surprised to find them more understanding and accommodating than they had believed possible. Not only has Yugoslavia received loans without political strings, and food and other emergency aid to tide over the situation created by the great drought coming on top of the blow to the Five Year Plan inflicted by the Soviet boycott, but the western powers have also let Yugoslavia obtain arms in the west without attempting to commit her to any form of alliance. They have announced publicly that any attack on Yugoslavia would not be regarded as a matter of indifference by the west, again without making any demands on Yugoslavia in return.

Yugoslav opinion, including Communist and Government opinion, therefore has much more confidence in the west to-day and is particularly concerned to understand and establish friendly relations with progressive and working class western opinion. The Yugoslavs feel correspondingly bitter at the implacable hostility of their former comrades and allies. But, while building up their defences, they continue to believe, as Marshal Tito made clear in a striking speech last March, that Yugoslavia's moral and political position is even more important than military strength in defending her territorial integrity and political independence against threats from the east. For they hold that the morale of the Cominform States is bad ; they believe that the more Yugoslavia makes it clear that she retains her independence and right of self-determination in international affairs and is concerned only to trade and live in friendship and peace with her Cominform neighbours, each side respecting the equal rights and national independence of the other, the more difficult would it be for the Soviet or any other Cominform Government to attack Yugoslavia without serious trouble at home. Hence the Yugoslav Government continually stress their desire for a " live and let live " agreement with the members of the Soviet bloc, offering to settle any differences with them by peaceful means, to conclude non-aggression treaties and to set up mixed frontier commissions. It is important to the defence of Yugoslavia, the Yugoslavs hold, that the Governments of these countries should know that in fact they can have peace on reasonable and conciliatory terms whenever they want and that this knowledge should also reach their peoples through broadcasting and other methods of circumventing Cominform control of news and views behind the " iron curtain ".

In home affairs, the Yugoslav régime was faced with a grave economic situation as the accumulated effects of over-ambition in

their Five Year Plan, aggravated by the Cominform boycott, were made critical by the great drought. The Plan represented a tremendous drive for industrialization and the development of transport and the country's resources, in a country that had lost one-tenth of its population through enemy action and suffered unparalleled material destruction. Considering the difficulties and dearth of capital, skilled labour, technicians, experts and trained men of every kind an astonishing amount was accomplished. But there was also increasing waste and bureaucracy. The people, exhausted by the war, were driven to the limit of endurance in the attempt to cut consumption and the supply of consumer goods to the level necessary when the country's resources were pledged to capital development and long term schemes.

It was necessary to give the people an economic incentive in the form of some tangible rewards for their long toil and suffering. More and cheaper consumer goods were urgently needed ; the peasants must be given adequate incentives to produce to the limit, and the people as a whole must be heartened and united in face of the bewildering change of attitude and growing threat of the Soviet Union. There was, too, the necessity for convincing the western powers that the monies they were advancing would be used to put the country on its feet and not wasted in attempting to do too much in too short a time.

And so a series of sweeping reforms changed the whole structure of the State, the organization of the economy and the political climate. The fight against bureaucracy cut down State employees by two-thirds. The administration of industries was transferred from the federation to the six individual republics, with a central planning commission responsible only for the general lines of economic policy controlling a certain range of raw materials and staple products, fixing and allocating the national wages and salaries fund, and assuring co-ordination in production, distribution and estimates of needs. Within the republics there was further decentralization, the cutting down of civil servants and the fusing of Ministries. The bold experiment of workers' management in industry was launched.

The system of compelling peasants to sell part of their crop at fixed prices to the State is gradually being abolished. Instead, peasants will pay taxes like everyone else. The State as the leading producer and distributor of food, with supplies of its own through State farms and the provider of manufactured goods, can prevent profiteering by the peasants, who in any case will be competing with each other. The peasantry will now have the incentive of being able to sell their produce for what it will fetch in the market and will be able to buy more consumer goods with the money they receive. Not only that : after the State has assured itself that enough food has

been bought or contracted for to take care of the country's internal needs and meet its international obligations, the peasants are free to sell abroad anything they can produce above and beyond these needs and to buy whatever they like abroad with the proceeds. That is a great incentive to the peasant to produce as much as he can.

No attempt will be made to force peasants into co-operative farms. The Government rely on the economic advantages of large-scale mechanized agriculture, such as is possible in collective farms, and the superior amenities of life available to collective farmers, to increase their number voluntarily. This is bound to be a slow process and depends on adequate supplies of tractors and other farm machinery for large-scale cultivation.

Meanwhile the provision that no-one may own more than a modest amount of land (20 or 30 hectares, which equals 50 to 75 acres, according to the type of land) and must work it himself, will prevent the rise of a new land-owner class through thriftless peasants selling or leasing the right to work their land. The co-operative ladder remains open for all who wish to mount it, starting with the ordinary consumers' co-operatives for buying, grading, storing and selling ; going on to co-operatives where peasants work the land collectively but retain their private ownership and are rewarded according to the amount of land they own ; to the third rung where peasants, while still nominally retaining the ownership of their land, get no rent or other reward for it and are paid only according to their work, and finally to where the co-operative farm becomes a true collective farm whose members own the land in common. The Yugoslavs believe that economic incentives and collectivization by these easy stages through the different types of co-operative associations will eventually change their primitive peasant economy into a highly efficient co-operative agriculture.

These economic developments and the partial decentralization of the budget—by which each republic can raise taxes for its own purpose and has a pretty free hand in its own internal policies, with the more advanced republics through the federation aiding the backward and impoverished, such as Macedonia and Montenegro—help to make political democracy a reality in Yugoslavia. " Opposition " to Yugoslavs still means the remnants of the old régime opponents of the new Yugoslavia, who are irreconcilable, as well as the small but potentially dangerous (because of its support from abroad) Cominform opposition. But the People's Front is getting broader and freer and allowing plenty of room for vigorous discussion between widely varying points of view, from the village up to the republican and even the federal level, in the elected councils and assemblies.

The reform of the criminal law has laid stress on the rights of the

individual against the State and imposed heavy penalties on officials who abuse their powers. The authority and independence of the law courts is being enhanced, the powers of the political police are being drastically pruned and the force itself chastened by some very strong criticism, including that of the powerful Minister of the Interior, Alexander Rankovic.

Last but not least the Communist Party is reforming itself. The " line " that is being plugged within it is that democratic centralism means democracy as well as centralism ; party members have not only the right but the duty freely and vigorously to discuss ideas and proposals both in speech and writing ; they should criticize and give their own views on the opinions even of leading men in the party, and if they disagree should not hesitate to say what they think. Only when the Central Committee or the Party Congress has taken a majority decision after discussion do the resulting views become party policy and doctrine, to which even the dissenting minority should be loyal.

The leading spirits in this reform, starting with Milovan Djilas, one of the big four in the Yugoslav C.P. (the others being Marshal Tito, Rankovic and Foreign Secretary Kardelj, who together constitute the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the party), wish to change the Yugoslav party into a genuinely democratic and free party, accepting as its ideological basis the Marxist analysis of society, but with a belief in liberty for its members to hold and express differing views of how to apply the Marxist analysis in any given case and how best to build Socialism in Yugoslavia. On the ideological plane the Yugoslav Communist Party leaders say that the Soviet Union has gone badly wrong because of its own backwardness and prolonged isolation. It had to establish and expand heavy industries out of its own resources in a hurry because of capitalist hostility. This threw such a strain on the people that their revolutionary *élan* was exhausted and had to be replaced by compulsion and by a tremendous wage spread so as to give adequate incentives for trained men and hard workers. The result was to breed inequality, bureaucracy and centralism.

Instead of starting the " withering away " of the State and the transfer of its powers to direct associations of producers, the Soviet State bureaucracy perverted Marxism to mean raising the State above the people, turning it into an autocracy and a police terror and treating the people with contempt. Lenin's teaching, too, about the self-determination and equality of all nations was forgotten and the Russian people were elevated into the " leading nation ". The State became a fetish, Marshal Stalin an idol, and Socialist internationalism was twisted into Soviet imperialism and the exploitation and bullying of her neighbours. This bare summary hardly

gives an idea of the vigour and erudition with which the Yugoslav Communists are pursuing their polemics with the Soviet Communists, who, as they observe, make no attempt to meet them on the level of argument or to refute their facts and accusations, but take refuge in abuse, vituperation and threats.

If a Communist régime in a Balkan country that has known the utmost horrors and extremities of war, enemy occupation, counter-revolution, revolution and civil war, can out of its own social and political dynamic develop into a democratic Socialist society—in the context of a policy by the western powers of friendship and co-operation—why should similar developments not be possible in other Communist régimes ? If the west showed that it was ready for such policies and wanted only a live and let live agreement between the Communist and non-Communist worlds and not the extermination of Communism by foreign intervention or the support of counter-revolution, would the cumulative effect not ultimately produce a change of attitude and policy in other Communist-governed States and even ultimately in the Soviet Union itself ?

(*For three years the author has closely studied developments in Yugoslavia and has just returned from another visit to that country.*)

ARAB REFUGEES

By Tibor Mende

FROM the window of Jerusalem's King David hotel one overlooks the walled city and the surrounding hills in all their solemn and sunny splendour. Tourists from all over the world, Jews and Gentiles, lounge on the terraces and enjoy the sight, aiming their Leicas at the historic background. The massive walls of the old city and the familiar dome of the Temple of the Rock are only 400 yards away as the crow flies. To countless generations the normal way to get there, descending the hill and entering through Herod's Gate, has been to walk. To us, children of the twentieth century and with all the marvels of speedy communications, it is more complicated. It takes two or three days, involves a voyage of some 400 miles and requires visas to Cyprus and Lebanon as well as the use of several aeroplanes belonging to various national companies. For between the sun-bathed terrace of the hotel and Herod's Gate there runs a line of barbed wire, an international border, one of the queerest among them all, cutting the Holy City in two. Israel is on one side and the kingdom of Jordan on the other.

In the imagination of most people Jerusalem is merely a petrified illustration of the Bible ; a collection of holy places, churches, mosques and synagogues. This Jerusalem does in fact exist, surrounded by centuries-old walls and massive gates enclosing the " Old City " ; a maze of lanes around the Mosque of Omar, the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre and the Wailing Wall of the remains of the Temple. But this " walled city ", on the Jordani side today, is barely larger than Regent's Park and is only a small part of the twentieth century Jerusalem. In fact Jerusalem, the Jewish side of it, is a large and modern city with wide avenues, elegant shop windows, kindergartens and spacious parks. Thanks to the local stone the tall apartment buildings and the modern villas on the surrounding hillsides have a beauty and dignity in sharp contrast to the utilitarian simplicity of Tel-Aviv's concrete cubes.

Across the barbed wire face each other the two Jerusalems—the modern city of 150,000 people and the small ancient part. In theory there is no contact between them, as if an ocean divided the two halves. But in daily practice ordinary human decency compels the twins to keep on speaking terms. Occasionally an Arab patient is admitted

be examined with the cancer research equipment on the Jewish ide and officials meet to exchange data on locust danger. Otherwise ll communications pass through the UN mission's imposing building n the neutral zone up on the hill. The rest is silence and tense waiting or more reasonable times.

No wonder I felt as if I were embarking on a momentous expedition hen, equipped with the precious documents enabling me to cross nd recross the border, I set out in one of Jewish Jerusalem's glossy merican taxis for the " Mandelbaum Gate ". Past the feverish ustle of the modern city, we soon rolled into that quieter belt of alf-ruined, deserted buildings which is our generation's addition to he already impressive array of historic ruins in this beautiful city.

Unlike the other " gates " of Jerusalem, this one immortalizes the ame of a certain Mr. Mandelbaum, owner of a modest store, whose uins provide the frame for the inconspicuous customs' cabin and urnpike—another of the international absurdities where two civiliza- ions are condemned to meet through barbed wire. Out of the taxi nd richer by yet another rubber stamp, suitcase in hand, I wandered bout two hundred years in Jerusalem's ghostly no man's land until came upon the Arab Legion's two guards with their characteristic ink *kefiyah*, guarding this most unusual frontier to an equally n usual country.

Another stamp, some salutes—and the two hundred yards across the esolate scenery threw me back by some two centuries. Here was a nd " created " for " strategic purposes " ; a country whose straight rontiers were drawn with ruler in hand in stiff committee rooms ; a nd of Bedouin, sand, barracks and strategic interests. The bull- ozers, the smooth western elegance of the King David hotel, the all apartment buildings and the all-pervading purpose in the air eemed thousands of miles away. Here were the barefoot children egging for *baksheesh*, the arguing and bargaining groups, the multi- oloured drinks, the sticky sweets on rickety wooden stalls, veiled omen and antique walls enveloped in that passive Islamic air of imeless nonchalance, where hurry is unknown, where this century is till an uncomfortable intruder and where the past hangs on every- hing mixed with sand, dirt and inertia.

Yet, below this placid façade, I soon realized that Jordan was an xtraordinary place. The original population of Transjordan, erdsmen, agriculturists and nomad Bedouin in the majority, was nly about 300,000 although the country was three times the size f Belgium. By annexing what he could of Arab Palestine, King Abdullah turned 300,000 settled Palestinians into his subjects, thereby oubling the population of his kingdom. This doubled population as then redoubled again by the addition of nearly half a million

refugees who decided, or were induced, to leave their former homes in Palestine. All this happened in less than two years and Abdullah, king of 300,000 tribesmen, suddenly found himself at the head of a State half of whose inflated population was sitting in tents and being fed on United Nations rations. What was even worse, refugees and new citizens considered themselves superior to their backward "*Trans*jordan" hosts and not only aspired to leadership in the country but imported ideas (absorbed under the British Mandate of Palestine) which amounted to no less than a revolutionary danger in a feudal kingdom.

All this I learned shortly after my arrival in Jordan, drinking the black coffee of my Arab host, a former government official in Haifa. Now an employee of UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees), he is concerned with the distribution of the rations in the camps. It was in his office that I met the "two-yards-refugee", an Arab whose house and garden were two yards behind the barbed wire and who could see the Jewish occupants installed in his former home. The capricious winding of the barbed wire has changed his life and qualified him for free UN rations like several hundreds of thousands of other Arabs. At one time 940,000 people received such rations in all the Arab countries and no-one could quite decide who was and who was not entitled to be freely fed in this strange country.

Then, when the chaotic period drew to its end, there started a big sorting out operation. UNRWA's registration officers went around the camps and tried to discover who were the real refugees. They went in pairs ; one talking to the head of the family and the other, at the same time, to the women-folk or to the children. From the usually contradictory facts it was their duty to establish how many children the family really had, how many of them were real refugees and who should retain his or her ration card. They found people with stacks of mysteriously acquired cards ; Bedouins who had been crossing and re-crossing the Israeli border and registering as refugees anew each time. One of them was caught with no less than 108 UNRWA ration cards on his body. He was the head of a prosperous black-market ring collecting hundreds of free rations each day. Then there were the minor cases of irregularities. Growing suspicious of the discrepancy between an ever-increasing birth-rate and the declining death-rate in one camp, the officials discovered that grandmother or grandfather, after quietly passing away, were hurriedly buried right under the family tent and the bereaved family went on collecting his or her rations for several weeks or months until the indiscretion of someone present at the unusual burial revealed the hard facts. On the other hand, it was not unusual for newcomers

borrow the babies of their neighbours and queue up at the officer's nt proudly claiming one more ration card for the newly arrived mily. I heard of the youngest UNRWA ration card holder, a wo-year-old boy about whom nobody seemed to know where he me from, how he got to the camp or what will become of him. By ow the number of freely fed " official " refugees has been reduced to st over 600,000. A large proportion of these are scattered in camps Jordan. Apart from the horribly over-crowded so-called Gaza rip—along the Mediterranean coast near the Egyptian border—the st are distributed between Lebanon, Syria and Iraq.

Jordan itself consists of arid mountains and deserts. Winding ads climb up and down the steep and stony hills and, apart from andering Bedouin or villagers riding their mules, only the Arab egion's jeeps roam over the countryside. Descending below sea-vel to the queer lunar scenery of the Dead Sea, one comes upon the eaming hot sandy stretch leading to Jericho where, crowded into nts, over 20,000 refugees are dumped on the plain. They have been ere for over two years.

Without any useful occupation or hope for the future, here, as in e numerous other camps, three times a day they queue up at the up-kitchens or for their rations ; they argue around their tents nd listen to the inciting tirades of the ancient village *mukhtars* or rofessional agitators. Aimlessly drifting, surrounded by this in-ospitable scenery and fed on ceaseless propaganda by the camp otables, they grow each day more restive until their bitterness finds utlet in dangerous violence. In Nablus, among the olive yards of amaria ; around Amman, the capital of Jordan ; in the caves of ethlehem ; in the shadow of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, undreds of thousands of refugees wait in the filthy and tattered ncampment for the day when, in the wake of avenging Arab League rmies, they will return to their lost homes. So they are led to believe all the camps that freckle the map of Jordan and in all of them nsion rises with every new day that passes with no change in their agic and aimless existence. A district official was murdered not ng ago. In another camp the ration stores were stormed by an ngry mob and there are ugly rumours of hidden arms in the camps nd of multiplying violence and agitation.

It is the same story wherever one goes in Jordan these days. The fugees outside the camps, scattered in the towns and villages, are ften even worse off than those in the tents who receive some kind of edical supervision. In and out of the camps the story is one of rogressive demoralization. Resettlement seems still impossible nd people mention the word in whispers only. It is the great taboo, ever mentioned though all responsible know that it is the only

reasonable solution. These unfortunate refugees, so it seems, have to continue their aimless drifting for reasons none of them quite understands but all identify with the wickedness of the Jewish State, United Nations, or other powers beyond their range of comprehension. Some road-building and other insignificant schemes apart, all " works projects " encountered difficulties. In 1950 only one-sixth of UNRWA's funds were spent on creating useful employment against three-quarters spent on rations, though the countries where these refugees live are crying out for good roads and public works of all kinds. In November 1950 the United Nations authorized projects to resettle refugees in the Arab countries and in Israel, without prejudice to their right to return home or to receive compensation for lost property. But up to date it is questionable if a single refugee has been resettled at all. For 1950-1951 UNRWA asked for $54 millions but no more than 43 were subscribed—mainly by the U.S.A., Great Britain and France—the Middle-Eastern countries promising less than $2 million.

A young official of UNRWA's generously-paid Beirout staff—one of those idealistic international civil servants hailing from a small and neutral country and still clinging to illusions—told me that some months ago he organized the refugees in one of the camps to grow vegetables around their tents. To keep them busy and to supplement their meatless and dull rations with fresh vegetables seemed to him a good idea. A few weeks later came the stern reprimand from headquarters : " Operation vegetable-plot has to stop . . ." " The reason ? " I asked. " It smells of ' integration ' or resettlement " —he shrugged his shoulders. A small example but not an exceptional one. Of the 800,000 dollars spent on the refugees each month not a single dollar has up to now gone to launch a single individual on the road toward a new life. Against this tragic background, as if to demonstrate what could be done even on insignificant funds but with genuine good will—with equipment begged from four corners of the world—UNESCO is running schools and vocational training centres in the camps where, miraculously out of reach of political entanglements, they attempt to teach carpentry, shoe-making and other useful professions to bright-eyed Arab children. Without it they would be condemned to share the aimless drifting and moral decomposition of their elders. What is the explanation ? Who is responsible for this unnecessary tragedy ? Should the outside world continue to connive in the prolongation of the misery of these 600,000 people simply because the Arab League needs the refugee problem to keep the division against Israel ? In Jordan no-one has the answers.

In quiet chats at the bar and over friendly dinner tables even the

highest Jordani officials will admit that peace with Israel is indispensable. The same people, of course, will gladly oblige their political gatherings with violent tirades against Israel and the Jews, with sarcastic sallies spared for the United Nations and its leading powers. Meanwhile, with characteristically charming cynicism, they declare after the second glass of whisky that sooner or later peace will have to come with Israel and they have an impressive list of mutual benefits which would result from it. Out in the camps, among land-workers from Palestine as among the officials, there is a widespread belief that the economic future of Jordan is bound up with that of her Jewish neighbour. There is, of course, a great deal of bitter talk and hatred, the understandable emotions of people who have been misled and have lost their homes and property. But, when away from the controlling eyes of the *mukhtars* and the rest of the camp notables, many a former Palestinian admits that he personally has nothing against working with the Jews and would gladly return and even work in their pay. The same people show equal willingness to settle where they are if they could be given a chance to rebuild their broken lives. In fact there is much hidden admiration for Israel's energy and for the economic miracles of the infant State. No propaganda can conceal what even the refugees can see across the barbed wire or what they hear from their relatives who did not believe the atrocity stories of the Arab radio stations and stayed behind in Israel in their old homes. But where is the master to save the sorcerer's apprentice from the monsters of hate whom he let loose and cannot control ?

It was in 1945 Mr. Bevin made his challenging statement that the fellahin's standard of living would have to be improved to achieve stability in the Middle East. Since that date this stability has become an urgent strategic necessity for the western powers though practically nothing has happened to translate Mr. Bevin's aim into practice. The Middle East is still the home of famished and disease-ridden millions and immensely rich pashas riding their Cadillacs. In view of the bitter passions attached to the subject, it would be useless to reopen here the argument about the justification of Israel's existence. The debate about it is likely to outlast the sufferings of the Arab refugees. Solutions to practical problems have to rest on facts and it seems a fact that Israel is here to stay. To expect a solution to the refugee problem on the assumption that Israel will disappear from the map seems to be an irresponsible prolongation of human misery. Yet, day after day, hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people are sustained on this dangerous illusion in dozens of camps all over the Middle East. It seems illogical that at a time when exceptional efforts are being made to cement the existing military

potential of this region into something that could offer effective resistance, highly inflammable material like the refugee question should be left in the path of any eventual invader.

With Israel there appeared in the Middle East an egalitarian social system free of the traditional pattern of the region of feudal privilege and oppressed and backward masses. The 180,000-strong Arab minority of the new country, though it has serious and justified grievances, enjoys a far higher standard of living than in any of the surrounding countries. Moreover, in Israel—on a territory only a hundredth of that of the mostly under-populated Arab States—all means are employed to eradicate the regional conditions of poverty, disease and ignorance. It seems more than probable that co-operation between the Jewish State and its neighbours would be beneficial to both sides and could only contribute to that progressive transformation of the Middle East that was implied in Mr. Bevin's statement. The hatred whipped up against Israel may be an effective instrument in the Arab countries to divert attention from problems nearer home. The 600,000 refugees are, no doubt, its most potent explosive and cynical instrument.

But, meanwhile, it is becoming clearer every day that the resettlement and integration of the Palestine refugees (in Israel as well as in the Arab countries) might be the beginning of that long-expected Middle East "new deal" that could turn Jordan into an example to all her neighbours. The statement by John B. Blandford Jr., the new head of UNRWA, that with July 1 the work of "reintegration" would start in earnest, may be the first hopeful departure of this dismal story. Peace with Israel, brought about with the advice and economic aid of the western powers, followed by economic progress and better living, could end the vicious circle of sterile hatred and recrimination. It might also enable Israel to assert her claim to be not a wedge but a bridge to connect this traditionally under-developed region with all that has become the hope of economically backward millions in the twentieth century. This would be the first really effective step toward the creation of a new and united Middle East.

(*Mr. Mende has just completed a trip to the Middle East where he visited a number of the refugee camps in Jordan.*)

POLITICAL EDUCATION

By H. G. Nicholas

INAUGURAL lectures are all too often like political manifestos, promising what they cannot fulfil, outlining a philosophy which will hardly sustain the test of its application. Professor Oakeshott on assuming the Chair of Political Science at the London School of Economics has chosen, with a characteristic impudence of modesty, a kind of Cambridge *gaminerie*, if he will forgive the expression, to invert this ostentatious tradition and to deliver as his inaugural* an apologia for scepticism, a promise only of hopeful travel, an assurance indeed of non-arrival. If his predecessor in the Chair was the Zola of political scientists, bidding us crusade for righteousness in a world in which righteousness was, even philosophically speaking, very doubtfully established, then surely Professor Oakeshott is the Proust, calling us *à la recherche du temps perdu*, striving to recapture the scents and flavours which are the surest clues not indeed to certainty but to the avoidance of illusion, " pursuing intimations ", conversing not arguing, content with continuity, convinced of the vanity of doctrines and the perils of logic. Compared with certain inaugural manifestos his is indeed a modest programme of inquiry, but when it is pressed with an eloquence as persuasive as Professor Oakeshott's its modesty may well become one of the main ingredients of its charm and so not the least valid of the reasons for its acceptance. How far this will constitute a recommendation for it in an institution that has fattened on the richer proteins of dogmatism, both of the left and of the right, is itself a fascinating topic for speculation, but at least it has a novelty which should recommend it to any discriminating palate that is in risk of being jaded by a surfeit of certainties. To the outsider, however, who is conscious that for him to estimate the validity of the *argumentum ad homines* would partake of the nature of an impertinence, the major question remains, how far Professor Oakeshott's recipe for political education is deserving of a general acceptance.

The argument proceeds by way of inquiring " into the kind of knowledge we unavoidably call upon whenever we are engaged in political activity." It examines, only to reject, the careless assumptions of empiricism, demonstrating conclusively that " purely

* *Political Education*, by Michael Oakeshott. Bowes & Bowes. 2s. 6d.

empirical politics are not something difficult to achieve or proper to be avoided, they are merely the impossible," the logical conclusion, so to speak, of an utter illogicality. What then of the alternative proposition, " that politics appear as a self-moved manner of activity (here equated with understandability) when empiricism is preceded and guided by an ideological activity " ? This too is examined only to be rejected, but less brusquely and, as it seems to me, less cogently.

The value of these ideological principles, says Professor Oakeshott, " lies in their having been premeditated." " The common characteristic of all the kinds of knowledge required is that they may be, and should be, gathered in advance of the activity of attending to the arrangements of a society." Holding these claims up to the light of history and everyday experience, Professor Oakeshott has little difficulty in showing that, for all their seeming reasonableness, they are mistaken ; the reverse is true : " Political activity comes first and a political ideology follows after ; and the understanding of politics we are investigating has the disadvantage of being, in the strict sense, preposterous."

The demolition is so neat and expeditious that at a casual glance one may overlook the fact that the structure erased is not the one originally erected. Of course ideologies do not chronologically antedate the societies and the politics they inform (or at least not to any significant degree), but to attack the ideologies here (fair game though some of them, particularly Hegel and his progeny, may be) is to attack only at the weakest part of their line. The more sophisticated of them have never pretended to take up the position that Professor Oakeshott assigns them. It is a logical, not a chronological, priority that their systems posit, and this is not refuted by any of Professor Oakeshott's analogies and examples. It is in this sense for example that Aristotle's *polis* is " by nature clearly prior to the family and to the individual. "

Consequently, though much of Professor Oakeshott's criticism of the ideological approach may be valid he does not, it seems to me, make out a convincing case for his thesis that a political ideology is " knowledge (in an abstract and generalized form) of a traditional manner of attending to the arrangements of a society "—and, by implication, is *only* that—or that " *what* we do and moreover what we want to do, is the creature of *how* we are accustomed to conduct our affairs "—and, by implication, is merely the creature. Nor is it a matter for surprise if so extreme a doctrine turns out to bear rather extravagant fruit. It is so narrow in its applicability, in the first place, that it hardly fits any political society less cosy than our Britannic own. " Politics is the activity of attending to the general arrangements of a collection of people who, in respect of their common recognition of a manner of attending to its arrangements,

compose a single community." But in lands less happily circumstanced than this, or in the less idyllic pages even of our own island story, the stuff of politics is the exact reverse of this—it is the relationship of people who *lack* a " common recognition of a manner of attending " to their arrangements, who are either in process of ceasing to be or are still on the road to becoming "a single community." In a passage not devoid of ambiguity Professor Oakeshott seems to be contending that this need not exclude the study of " a serious political crisis " provided it is not a " cataclysm ". But it is hard to see what instruments his technique can provide for the study of conflicts and revolutions save those which record merely the elements that have escaped the conflict or the continuity which has persisted across the barricades. This is to offer us a compass in circumstances that demand a Geiger counter.

Even within the confines of a polity which satisfies the condition of singleness and community Professor Oakeshott's philosophy produces some eccentric answers. Does it really contribute anything, for example, to an understanding of the issue of the women's franchise to contend that the only valid argument for it is one based on " coherence "—coherence, that is, in the arrangements of a given society ? If the argument from " justice " is " either irrelevant, or an unfortunately disguised form " of the coherence theory, how is it that mankind so tiresomely persists in these irrelevancies, so universally succumbs to the charms of moralistic " dressing up " ? For it will certainly not do to imply, as Professor Oakeshott tries to do, that this invocation of the ideological and the absolutes is just an occasional unfortunate lapse—" every society . . . is liable, from time to time, to abridge its tradition of behaviour into a scheme of abstract ideas." It is one of the most pervasive and deep-seated of political inclinations, one might almost say of human instincts. It may be perverse or even reprehensible, but to ignore or under-estimate it is to miss a central strand in that " tradition of behaviour " which is Professor Oakeshott's only tow-rope for the ship of State.

Tow-rope ? As one reads on the suspicion grows that the strands of this mellifluous argument are not being woven to so utilitarian a purpose at all, that they constitute, to use one of the author's favourite terms, a much more " self-moved manner of activity " than that, as self-moved in fact as the Indian ropetrick. This pursuit of political " intimations " turns out to be finally an invitation to lose ourselves in an *altitudo* ; the conversation which we are told to substitute for argument transmutes itself into a tone poem, a Debussy-esque *La Mer* ; " in political activity, then, men sail a boundless and bottomless sea ; there is neither harbour for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-place nor appointed destination. The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel ; the sea is both friend and enemy ;

and the seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behaviour in order to make a friend of every inimical occasion."

" The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel." But why, if there is no destination (and not even any starting-place), why bother to keep afloat at all ? Perhaps to travel in hope is better than to arrive. But to travel without hope and with the certainty of non-arrival—this is surely a philosophy, not so much of uselessness, as of total pointlessness ? Professor Oakeshott admits that it may be found " depressing ". But that is the least of its drawbacks. The most serious objection to it is that it is a total waste of time. The effort spent in learning navigation could more profitably be expended in broaching the few remaining casks of rum in the hold.

In fact what is the study of navigation, the academic discipline of politics, on this showing ? It is, in the first place (and here more purposeful mariners may still happily take service under Captain Oakeshott's flag) a historical study. " Every society constructs a legend of its own fortunes which it keeps up to date and in which is hidden its own understanding of its politics ; and the historical investigation of this legend—not to expose its errors but to understand its prejudices—must be a pre-eminent part of a political education." In addition, and for obvious reasons, it is a study of other people's manner of political thinking. On all this Professor Oakeshott has comments to make which the student of comparative institutions might well hang in letters of gold above his filing cabinet. But the study of politics is also a philosophical study. However this, on closer inspection, turns out to be merely historical too. " In a sense, political philosophy has nothing but a history, which is a history of the problems philosophers have detected and the manner of solution they have proposed." By this time no one in Professor Oakeshott's audience could have expected this operation to have any practical significance. " Political philosophy cannot be expected to increase our ability to be successful in political activity. It will not help us to distinguish between good and bad political projects ; it has no power to guide or to direct us in the enterprise of pursuing the intimations of our tradition." Our whole political education in fact, Professor Oakeshott makes clear in his final paragraph, can have no more elevated or promising end than to protect us from illusion. The completely educated political man turns out to be the completely disillusioned one.

It was said of Mallarmé that by the time he had evolved his " pure poetry " he was writing poems which were simply poetry about poetry, form commenting on form. The political education of Professor Oakeshott's construction has this same self-regarding (and indeed self-consuming) character. The object of political thought,

for him, is always other political thought. In relation to history his emphasis falls on " what people have thought and said about what happened." Political philosophy, it turns out, is overwhelmingly devoted to a study of what other philosophers have thought, their problems and their solutions. Obviously these are subjects, and valid ones, for the student of politics. But is this kind of cerebral cannibalism going to provide adequate nourishment for a living science, one which for all its antiquity is still of prime concern to both students and laymen ? Is there not something lacking in an approach which so nearly excludes from its purview the whole of the world of political action, especially of contemporary action, and so nearly substitutes the cultivation of the sentiments for the training of the will ? *Abeunt studia in mores* is indeed the opening dictum of Professor Oakeshott's last paragraph, but the *mores* appealed to seem very like those attainable without the benefit of *studia* at all, though not indeed without the benefit of much world-weariness. They have a negative and passive implication to them. Their friends will say that at least they are adequate to man civilization's Roman Wall ; their critics will complain that, like the Maginot Line, such defences can be turned. Professor Oakeshott seems to say that to ask for more is to be a perfectibilitarian, and he is rightly vigilant against the *hubris* inherent in such a boast. But Icarus, an early ideologist, was not the only political scientist to err. Lot's wife, for preferring the backward glance to the upward climb, suffered a fate no less final and considerably more ludicrous.

(*The author is tutor and lecturer in Politics and Modern History at Exeter College, Oxford.*)

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL PURPOSE—I.

By Louis Arnaud Reid

THIS is the kind of title beloved by makers of programmes. Its vagueness challenges examination, because woolliness in the use of such terms as ' individual ' and ' social ' and ' social purpose ' is symptomatic, I believe, not only of some of our intellectual attitudes, but of certain practical ones as well. I will therefore, without apology, begin with what John Locke called " the humble work of an under labourer in clearing the ground."

Take the term ' individual ' first. This may have a very abstract meaning indeed, or a meaning much less so, or it may on the other hand refer to something which is as concrete as it could possibly be. In the most abstract sense, ' individual ' is simply a term correlative with terms equally abstract like ' group ', ' society '. We may say, for example : " There is a group of people ; this group is composed of a thousand individuals." (Here is the collective and distributive use of words, indicating respectively the collection as a whole, and the units which make it up.) This use is legitimate in certain circumstances. But sometimes we use this abstract language when we ought, humanly speaking, to be more concrete, and this habit gets into our everyday speech. People often say : " I don't like that individual " when they mean "I don't like that person." This loose English is symptomatic, not simply of looseness of speech, but of something wrong in our attitude. The word ' individual ' is correctly used as an abstraction in opposition to the group ; but when we are thinking and speaking of persons, we ought to use the language of persons and to possess a personal attitude to persons. If this looks at first sight like a verbal quibble, I may say that I hope it is not, because my contention is going to be that our thinking about individual and social purpose, even if it must be abstract, must also be translated into personal language if it is to be realistic and humanly effective.

The word ' society ', like the word ' individual ', also has its legitimately abstract use, but with dangers attached to it. It is a term which sociologists variously define in their books, and is associated with vague clusters of images and concepts—faces in a crowd, council chambers, laws, someone voting in a ballot-box or the word-image ' society '. It is well to remember that the term ' society ' is only a useful abstraction, that ' society ' as conceived has no existence

except as an intellectual construction or a model. And it is particularly important, in a day when the term tends to be one to conjure with, to remember that the abstraction 'society' has no virtues or even vices, and has no claims upon that other abstraction, the individual. Abstractions in themselves possess no value or importance, and impose no obligations upon one another. The idea of a value is not itself valuable; the idea of generosity is not generous; the idea of society has no claims upon the idea of the individual. Claims arise only when there is interaction between some real group of persons living together in what we call a society, and in which there is some actual intercourse between the persons in the group as a group and the persons as individuals. The abstractions 'society' and 'group' have no reality, though they are quite necessary for thought. What has reality is the actual meeting and actual many-sided intercourse of two or three gathered together—or ten, or a hundred. (This is not quite accurate, and is rather an overstatement: not quite accurate because of course abstract ideas have a kind of reality; overstated because, as we all know and as I shall make clear later, there are plenty of impersonal elements also in any large and organized society.)

For realistic social thinking, the most abstract language has to be translated into the concrete language of persons. This is more easily said than done. Abstractions tend to develop a life of their own. Whitehead spoke of it as "the hypostatization of abstractions." Language is, of course, essential to thinking and the language of thought is bound to employ abstractions at every turn. But the function of thinking about man and society is not finally the construction of an intricate system of symbols, but the illuminated understanding of men in their actual lives in society. We are acquainted with society in experience; we reflect upon it, consider, abstract; we then come back to society, re-experiencing with better insight, seeing more relatedly and in perspective. Some aspects of what we see are personal—persons living personal lives, entering into personal relations. Other aspects are the more impersonal activities of persons, as planning and organizing, creating and running businesses, industrial, commercial, political activities. And men make and manipulate and live among impersonal objects, arranging and moving matter about, living in buildings, offices, factories, trafficking with machines. Sometimes in modern life the impersonal things men make begin to take charge. There is 'bureaucracy', which really means, I suppose, the rule by the pigeonhole desk. And there is, of course, red-tape, which sometimes strangles the life out of living human beings. However that be, modern 'society' in the concrete is a tangle of goings on, personal and impersonal.

And now the term 'social purpose' needs examination too;

the word ' purpose ' is a blanket term and my individual ' purpose ' may mean either an event in my mind, my mental purposing, or it may refer to what is purposed. We say, for example : " His purpose was to build a house, improve industrial relations, etc." The term ' social purpose ' is also ambiguous, but in a different way. It may mean either an individual person's purposes for society (as when we say : " X has a strong sense of social purpose," meaning that he takes an active interest in, say, housing or penal reform), or ' social purpose ' may mean the purpose or purposes which a ' society ' has. We might say that in recent years ' society ' has purposed that there should be many changes in education, in the nationalization of certain industries. But, though ' society ' collectively can certainly, in a sense, take decisions and have purposes, these purposes and decisions are in the end the work of persons living in a society under mutual influence. ' Social purpose ', in the objective sense, refers to the sort of society which members of that society, living socially, will, in common, bring into being. It might include more economic equality, more and better education, removal of obstacles to satisfactory human relations. Society's ' purposes ' must mean common ends shared by many persons who think alike and desire alike such things.

Once again, these very pedestrian definitions are undertaken, not for the sake of verbalism, but because it is socially and humanly important to remember that what is called ' social purpose ' is, in the end, something that originates from personal purpose. We tend to think of ' social purposes ' as impersonal large-scale objectives into which people are ' organized ' willynilly, as indeed in our own society they are. We get, paradoxically, the impression of being enmeshed, helplessly, in a large impersonal machine, and that every improvement of social purpose means being organized a bit more. Even doctors and headmasters become less persons, more officials. But of course the true end of social purpose cannot be organization. And the fact that we do have the feelings just described is a sign that something is wrong. The true end of social purpose is not organization, but intended human good to which organization is a means. This intended human good is conceived by, and comes forth from thinking and willing human persons functioning as individuals and as members of groups, and aiming at the betterment of human persons as individuals and as members of groups. Good social purpose is not *qua* organization, but in relation to human fulfilment. ' Social purpose ' has a frightening, impersonal, almost fatalistic sound. The term is unavoidable ; let us give it its human, original, and true meaning, thinking imaginatively, concretely, personally. It will make a difference to social purpose itself.

It must be presumed that when anyone sets out to write or to speak

bout ' social purpose ' to an intelligent audience, he is concerned ith ' good social purpose ', and that his analysis is at least an ttempt to understand how social purpose may be improved. But hat is meant by ' good social purpose ' ? Ordinarily people, when ey talk of it, presume that they know what are good social purposes. etter housing, better feeding of children, nurseries, health services, reater freedom and equality ; these are all social purposes which ny normal enlightened member of our community would agree to e ' good ' and ' desirable '. These things and their like are ' good ' s objects of natural human desire. We think it ' good ' to live in omfortable convenient houses, to have enough good food, a decent age, quick pleasant transport. . . . It is ' good ' to have good ealth. It is ' good ' to be free and equal. It is ' good ' partly ecause these are conditions which make human life tolerable, smooth, leasant, freer from worry, and because an adequate supply of them s necessary for human dignity and the possibilities this holds. eneralizing, these things may all be said to make human happiness nd wellbeing more possible. And certainly it is true that in the bsence of them (of some perhaps more than others) human life ould be less full. Disease, nakedness, starvation, slums and hovels, he impossibility of travel, are in different ways and degrees humanly tunting, and the reforms which transform the social scene are cclaimed.

Yes, these things are good as conditions, perhaps even (up to a oint) as parts of human dignity and the possibility of human xpansion. They constitute a human step-up. Yet they are only onditions and parts. When they are newly-won they bring a sense f emancipation, joy, exhilaration, a sense of fresh possibility. But ery soon, unless much else happens, we not only get used to assuming hem indispensable, but the new life tends to bring a boredom that is erpetually but imperfectly being staved off by new rushes of newly evised excitements. The fresh fruits of freedom lose their bloom nd go sour ; even emancipation—separated from the previous truggles which were at least vital—becomes a burden. The children —of whatever age—of good fortune are quickly spoiled.

Social improvements are conditions and parts of life, but in themselves they never satisfy, and for the very ancient reason that man is a spirit with infinite hunger and thirst. He thinks he wants cakes and ale ; he needs the bread of fulfilment and the water of life. So all these amenities, necessary and important, so good in their own way, are not fully good, and may even become evil, if they are not aids and occasions for a much larger human fulfilment, if they are not taken up into, and reflexively transformed by an inspiration which is never wholly discoverable within the mere limits of even the most far-seeing social reconstruction. Houses have to be made homes, the feeding of

children an act of love, equality (and inequality) taken and given with respect and toleration. Human good is not something which is finally, handed out by society. It has to be created, and created by persons. Social goods have to be made good if they are not quickly to corrupt. Without the continuous creation of infused good even the best of the social amenities become perverted. The only source of fundamental human good is the good life itself, and the resources for that come from the infinite cause and purpose of man's being. Kant, in his own language, is perfectly right. Nothing (to render him rather freely) is good without the good will. Without it anything may be perverted. Good council houses may lead to thriftlessness and lack of independence. So may plenty of beer and cigarettes and television. Even the feeding of children at school may undermine parental responsibility. Free doctoring, even freedom and equality may be exploited for selfish ends. In theological language all human good is tainted by sin. And in plain ordinary language it is the commonest of damn-fool nonsense to seek finally for salvation in social reform.

Nevertheless we have to be careful here, in our assertion of the supremacy of the spirit, to avoid a kind of escapism, a separation of the spiritual from the social. We have to be careful that we do not in any way belittle all that is being increasingly done, and done with the aids of science, to raise the level of human living. We have to see both the extensiveness of the impact of this effort, and its limits. There is a tendency for the theologian, seeing what the social scientist may miss, to deny the facts of the genuine social, moral and personal amelioration which application of science may bring. And there is the opposite tendency, for the social scientist to make unlimited claims for his developing knowledge and power.

It has been already suggested that the various social ameliorative are both conditions of human good, and may even be a part of it. That they may be a part, as well as a condition of good, has to be taken seriously ; and it is not very easy to separate these aspects. A job and decent wage are conditions of certain freedoms ; so is a good house. Can we say that to possess them can be wholly isolated from personal self-respect, the raising of personal morale ? Is not a man's material mode of life, even his very clothes, part of his social personality ? And on the reverse side, cannot human beings be degraded by living under conditions for which they are in no way to blame ? May they not become craven, weak or wolfish ? One of the most hellish aspects of our modern totalitarian powers of inflicting human misery is the ability, it would seem, almost to destroy the human soul by deliberate techniques. Prisoners of the Nazis spoke of the personal degradation of being cross-questioned naked. Visitors to Belsen were horrified by the sub-human aspect of the inmates.

If we recall the existence of the familiar knowledge of modern ıedicine, psychology and sociology, it seems even more obvious ıat human beings have a great deal of power even to alter human ersonality and its behaviour. Sleepy sickness can destroy the ense of moral responsibility ; cure can restore it. Hormones, and uodenal ulcers, affect personality and outlook. The leucotomies an work fundamental psychological changes. Delinquencies, again, re becoming much better understood, and there is no reason, in rinciple, why the conditions which produce what is now called elinquency should not in time be eliminated. The sciences push urther and further into what used to be regarded as the inner sanctum f personality. It is like a rising tide seeping into caves which once ere high and dry in the cliffs. It is little wonder that social scientists re sometimes tempted to claim that the whole power of future eform lies with science.

The situation is parallel to that of the relation of science to prayer. Vhen man's knowledge and control was small, the scope of his prayer eemed wider. He was largely the victim of external nature ; he new little of the cure of his body ; he could only pray. Now he uilds to withstand nature, and what was a matter for prayer before s now a matter for some disinfectant, or penicillin. If *Dieu et mon Droit* was his motto, as his right hand grew stronger (or at least more unning) the need for God seemed less. Or since he can help himself nore, he needs less and less of the help of heaven. So it seemed. The seeming was alarming to the theologian for a moment : he had o think again hard ; the result was a deeper understanding of rayer, which he ought to have possessed before.

So here, the increased power of science over human personality is a hallenge. It can, I think, perfectly well be met without erecting any rtificial barriers. Next time I hope to suggest how this is possible.

The second part of this article will be published in the September ssue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. *The author is Professor of Philosophy of Education in the University of London.*)

THE POWER OF FAITH IN LITERATURE

By Richard Church

WHENEVER I am asked what is the relationship between literature and religion, I am reminded that there are people in the community to whom literature is something static and set apart from ordinary life (if there is such a thing as ordinary life). As a journeyman in the craft of literature (and it is a fact that all craftsmen tend to believe that their occupation covers the whole universe and is a sufficient symbol of it, as the old cobbler reads the character of his customers into the down-trodden shoes brought to his bench), I feel that the wonders and mysteries of life have to be brought within the terms of a small equation. It takes a lifetime of close application to make that equation, and we can do it most accurately by using those terms which have grown out of our own personal experience.

Allowing that I may be exaggerating the significance of the art and craft of literature, I still maintain that the person who regards literature as something apart from daily life, is not wholly civilized. In the long run everybody, the scientist, the theologian, the philosopher, and even the musician and the worker in plastic arts, all find themselves using the medium of literature, either as a direct vehicle or as an auxiliary of their function. When Darwin, as a scientist, wrote *The Origin of Species*, his instrument was the art of letters. When Robert Schumann and Hector Berlioz were discoursing on the nature of music, they, too, had recourse to this art. The speeches of Burke, of Asquith, of Balfour and of Lord Samuel, have been depositions of political theory ; but they have been conveyed through the medium of literature. The Authorised Version of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the sermons of the great divines of the late seventeenth century and the discourses of Cardinal Newman have been expositions, within the field of Christian belief, in terms of literature. Every form of communication between man and man, whether it be the conveyance of ideas, emotions or factual information, is a literary communication. We cannot even think coherently in the solitude of our own minds, without the use of words grouped into grammatical patterns that are at least an elementary form of literature. We can do nothing in the modern world without recourse to some form of literature, the pamphlet, the list of instructions, the text-book

ll this is mere actuality, the reduction of literature to the absurdity utility values.

We know that literature is something vastly more, because it is part the story of mankind in every country, in every creed and in every ltural standard. Even the most primitive communities have a lk-lore, which has crystallized into some shape of interpretative mbolism, permanent enough to be called literature. What is it at makes us all bear this astonishing harvest of word-patterns, hich we can all recognize and feed upon as the very bread of life and e sustenance of our minds and souls ?

Perhaps Gilbert Murray's book on Greek religion provides an nswer. He says : " The fact remains that man must have some lation towards the uncharted, the mysterious, tracts of life which rround him on every side. And for my own part I am content to y that his method must be to a large extent very much what St. aul calls faith ; that is, some attitude not of the conscious intellect ut of the whole being, using all its powers of sensitiveness, all its eblest and most inarticulate feelers and tentacles, in the effort mehow to touch by these that which cannot be grasped by the finite senses or analysed by the conscious reason." I would like underline this quotation with a poem of my own, written during e cynical decades between the wars. It is called " The Man ithout Faith " :

A man without faith
Grows old before his years,
His world a wraith,
For whom the end nears
Like a winter mist
When the sun is cold
In the cold west.
His children about him
Are strangers, unknown.
The love that begot them
Cooled and gone.
If he gets riches
They turn to rust,
And he can do nothing
With a handful of dust.
Life's miracle fails him,
Life's rapture, life's breath ;
He has done with living,
He has forestalled death.

Literature and faith cannot be divorced. A man may call himself n atheist or a materialist. He may even be an inarticulate brute ven up wholly to satisfying his appetites, but he is groping for mething and is forced to a self-expression that is a definition of

some kind of faith. We cannot lift an arm or glance upward withou some objective behind that elementary movement. And an objectiv is a faith ; as primitive perhaps as some of the forms of life that ar static on the dark beds of the ocean.

When it comes to the use of words, and all the highly-advance organic structures which this implies as a conveyance of faith wha greater gropings, what nobler aspirations ! Still more is this proces advanced when the use of words is sustained and made into a patter of logic and a structure of beauty. I believe indeed that we canno construct the simplest piece of syntax without the motive behind i being an active demonstration of faith. We have to believe, even i order to disbelieve. The man who is calling out against God i the man who is worshipping Him most abjectly.

The drama of faith and belief as expressed in literature is a them which has brought me to this position, through a kind of mystic circl that threatens a surrounding wall of metaphysics, and as it were imprisonment within my own claim to freedom. But I hope I hav disposed of the inert, dead-end attitude towards literature, all to common among a generation anaesthetized by the particular violenc with which mankind has been assailed during the twentieth century But the world has always been violent ; the value of history is that i reminds us of this and shakes us out of the mood of self-pity by whic we excuse our shortcomings. Amid the anarchy and insecure politica and economic conditions of the Greek cities of those magical centuries the foundations of everything that is valuable in our Europea culture were laid down by a handful of precarious men. The grea achievement of the Christian Church in the dark ages and th medieval world, in a European community that was little more tha a nest of bandits, was the genius of the saints and theologians wh built up a cosmology that almost succeeded in uniting the weste world into a political unit, based on a superbly articulated mora vision and expressed in the teaching of Aquinas and the *Divine Comed* of Dante. Then later, during the Renaissance, when the banditr was being replaced by a more subtle and far-reaching system, th web of the Italian and Hanseatic merchant princes and bankers an ruthless intrigue and power-lust, there emerged the wonderful art of the Free Cities and the literature whose crown is Williar Shakespeare. We have no grounds for excusing ourselves to-da from believing that faith in life and its expression in the inevitabl form of literature are as actual as the bread we eat.

Many people, especially those who subscribe to a particular creed admit that literature expresses faith only when it is definitely an technically religious literature. We have to recognize the part playe by accepted religious dogma in the various literatures of the world it brings comfort and resolution to millions of people in ever

generation. It penetrates into every chapter of contemporary art, no matter how secular the climate of opinion may be at any particular time. We have more than one example of that survival of what I would call dedicated literature, in our world of to-day. A living poet of genius, belonging to the Roman Catholic faith, has recently published verse which carries a prescribed and orthodox worship. It is none the less valuable for that, since its vehicle is the real stuff of poetry, an inspired translation from the Spanish text of *St. John of the Cross.**

Out of the primitive tribal images and symbols, we can see in the history of literature how our poets and storytellers have perpetuated, deepened and added to those early religious concepts, giving them elasticity and a universal significance, so that they can be applied to the needs of even the most sophisticated society of man, such as this in which we live to-day. For several thousand years literature has carried these images of religion, all the time humanizing them and relating them more closely to the intricacies of human emotion and conduct. We need only to recall the mere themes of the poetry of Homer, Isaiah, and the Greek dramatists of the Golden Age, to realize how interdependent were religion and literature in their beginnings. Both sprang from the stark, human necessity of solving the mystery of life, of making the intangible concrete, and of binding chaos into some form of order that could support a standard of human values that might be extended into the society of man. Even in those processes by which literature looks upon the negative aspects of our human problem, the mere statement of them in a form of beauty brought a consolation, which was a sufficient tonic to bring hope out of despair. The Hebrew prophet and poet says : "As for Man, his days are as grass. As a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

In the mere expression of this idea of the insecurity of human life, literature achieves a paradox. It changes the humility of that statement into pride. The wind has indeed passed over it, but it is the wind of literature, which has changed the idea of fleetingness into something more permanent than a monument of stone. This is one of the great and fundamental values of literature : it is the preservative, the treasury of those moments when in height or in depth, the human mind touches the frontiers between experience and the mystery which lies beyond. When it does this in terms of an orthodox religious creed, it is only demonstrating its own superb efficacy as a medicine for the imagination of man, restoring even the most worn and ancient of dogmas and giving them new significance

* *Poems of St. John of the Cross.* The Spanish text with a translation by Roy Campbell. Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.

and life.

I believe that the expression of faith and belief in literature is an all-pervading activity that saturates the art of letters, just as rain saturates our soil and makes it fertile. Without faith and belief, the structures of our language are dried out and become barren rocks and caverns. Further, it is impossible for human language to remain intact and coherent, without this vivifying moisture of faith. The genesis of those structures of language, that instrument which multiplies our capabilities and has made us lords over the rest of living creatures, the grammatical articulation of the syntax between words and the growth of words and sentences into the powerful rhythms and measures of poetry and the prose paragraph : these are an organic process in the realm of mind, a very real and tangible world, comparable to those in the physical world. I see no difference between the two, the ghost and the body. Admit a difference, then admit the devil of dualism and leave the door open for all those divisions to enter, between matter and manner, time and space, body and soul, which have led the human race to the disastrous brink of a precipice where it now stands hesitating.

So it is in literature. I believe literature cannot exist without its forms, whether in prose or verse, being articulated by faith and belief. Much argument could be brought to a definition of this statement as a philosophic issue. General Smuts made some effort in this direction in his essay on the principle of Holism. But no statement of faith was ever advanced by argument ; we know too well how true that is from the works of the Schoolmen, who made such a cat's cradle of theology in the Middle Ages. Our own age in particular is impatient of such logic chopping, and it is indeed one of the bitterest comments on the dogmatists of Communism to-day that they strive to throw human society back into the clutches of the stiff, intellectual machinery of sciolism, which has substituted labels in place of living realities.

The only way to find the very source and ever-flowing power of the hopes and the vision that made possible any form of literature is to give examples of that miracle in action. For it is a miracle, just as sunshine, the manifest of flowers and animal-life, the massive nature of stone, the mathematics of the night skies are miracles. " In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." That familiar statement contains the whole potentiality of our human ascendancy over the rest of the universe. It is the poet's justification for claiming to be " a legislator of the world." It is indeed so profound, so final, that it leaves nothing more to be said by way of definition and can only be illustrated.

But here the field is infinite. We have the myriads of languages

f the human race with their various conventions and historical tructures in imagery and symbolism. Further, each individual erson is equipped in some degree with a private treasury of such lustrations, all of them manifesting to a single truth, that without aith and belief there can be no literature. Some of these illustra- ions are crude and elementary, as in folk-song and in primitive sagas. Others are decadent and tending to lapse into commercialized ynicism, such as we find in the crooning of our Wardour Street pirituals. The process is ever varied and ever fluctuating. It is like unshine filtering down through the pollutions of our atmosphere, ringing life and light, no matter how obscured it may be by the nedium through which it filters.

Surely we can feel with our sixth sense that, in this oblique approach oward a definition of the indefinable, our very failure is in itself a uccess. We have learned that faith and belief is something that we annot circumscribe within a definition or a dogma. But we can ecognize it. Indeed, without it, we sink into darkness and despair nd the value goes out of all our possessions, material as well as nental. Literature without this foundation of faith is merely a oagulation of dead words.

How different is this from the living word, that active mystery which ve instantly recognize and submit ourselves to in the knowledge that ere is food and enlargement. Here is an example which even through he medium of translation shows this power in its full authority. It hows it too as something that is not out of the way, impalpable and trange. In this paragraph from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, we see t as a matter-of-fact judgment, mosaic in its firmness and clarity. t is like one of the statements on the tablets of stone, which the rophet brought down from the mountain. Tolstoy is describing he consequences of the battle of Borodino during Napoleon's Russian campaign :

> It was not Napoleon alone who had experienced that nightmare feeling of the mighty arm being stricken powerless, but all the generals and soldiers of his army, whether they had taken part in the battle or not, after all their experience of previous battles—when after one-tenth of such efforts the enemy had fled—experienced a similar feeling of terror before an enemy who, after losing half his men, stood as threateningly at the end as at the beginning of the battle. The moral force of the attacking French army was exhausted. Not that sort of victory which is defined by the capture of pieces of material fastened to sticks, called standards, and of the ground on which the troops had stood and were standing, but a moral victory that convinces the enemy of the moral superiority of his opponent and of his own impotence, was gained by the Russians at Borodino. The French invaders, like an infuriated animal that has in its onslaught received a mortal wound, felt that they were perishing, but could not stop, any more than the Russian army, weaker by one-half, could help swerving. By the impetus gained, the French army was still able to roll forward to Moscow, but there, without further effort on the part of the Russians, it had to perish, bleeding from the mortal wound it

had received at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's senseless flight from Moscow, his retreat along the old Smolensk road, the destruction of the invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the downfall of Napoleonic France, on which at Borodino, for the first time, the hand of an opponent of stronger spirit had been laid.

There we see this power of faith informing literature as it were in a judicial capacity. But we must not limit it to this, or we shall be in danger of confining it once again to the presentation of a dogma. Faith is capable of gaiety and of infinite surprise, those qualities of freedom which are perhaps the highest attributes of Godhead, expressed in " The Wild Swans At Goole " by W. B. Yeats :

> Among what rushes will they build,
> By what lake's edge or pool
> Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
> To find they have flown away ?

Each of those " nine-and-fifty swans " may be taken as a symbol of the manifestations of faith and belief embodied in literature. It is not without significance that we hear constantly of " winged words ", faith and belief. The flight which faith and belief sustain is perpetual and reaches everywhere in our human estate.

> These daily words you listen to, are not
> One man's invention, but the growth of time,
> Seeded from nobility and crime.
> Some are blemished fruits, destined to rot
> And fall. Some revive that were forgot.
> A few, like death in life, may faintly chime
> Dropped from the belfry of a poet's rhyme
> Upon the graves in history's burial-plot.
> But all of them, long-lived or quickly gone,
> Are active powers, the radium of thought,
> The close-packed atoms of our human story.
> Here then is need for caution. Be admonished
> To use these daily words as though God-wrought,
> Magical master-keys to light and glory.

For me, the word, that elusive medium through which the poet works, is always sacred.

(The article is based on an address the author recently gave before the World Congress of Faiths.)

A TREE

By Margaret Stanley-Wrench

Years fall like days,
And time moves quietly, almost unnoticed
Till suddenly the sapling that laid its leaves
Under our hand, meek and warm as a spaniel's head,
Is a tree, whose branches escape and are beyond us,
Belonging to the air, condescending to birds,
But no longer free to our fingers, or unfolding
In downy, domestic fronds.
And then we know
Too well that with it a tree has taken our life,
And that, from its tremendous branches springing
Into a cage, a web that holds the light
Broken and scattered with orbs of watching darkness,
A shadow will fall,
But will not lay its momentary coolness
Across our arm, or scatter its filaments
Like those the spider casts, over the wall,
For we shall be lying in our own plot of shadow,
And will not care if others measure time
By the slow upward curve of a tree's green crest.

WHEN CRESCENT HORN COMMANDS THE SKY

By Iris Birtwistle

When crescent horn commands the sky
And winds the vixen from her lair,
A shadow pack streams up the hill
And countryside is torn from sleep.
Dead horses ford the milky dales -
Their ghost hooves thunder in the bone
Of ditch tossed riders by the church :
Hound music wakes the huntsmen gone to earth.

FICTION TRENDS

By Pamela Hinkson

TO-DAY'S fashions are with us. But for yesterday's, of which I had a general impression of contrast to to-day's, I had to do some searching for the names and works that made that accumulated effect ; and half my knowledge was hereditary. The masters naturally needed no recalling ; but the fiction trend and its influence on readers was made also by the lesser story writers in the literary sense, who wrote to give enjoyment and—they hoped—to profit themselves in so doing. Generally they offered an ideal, rather than writing to release any morbidity in themselves. Masters and lesser writers alike used their pens often to assist in righting injustices.

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The musing search took me back into an appropriate atmosphere. In imagination I moved along the shelves, examining titles, in an Irish country house room half walled in books, in which my mother wrote by the fire—one of the hundreds of simple novels or many short stories with which she kept the pot boiling, or one of a myriad articles which could go to a paper familiar with her small handwriting, untyped, or a book of memories in which she relit past sunlit days and largely forgot the shadows, or the poetry by which she lived for herself and was to live. The room was quiet for writer or reader, no sound except the scratching of my mother's quill pen—an insurance against writer's cramp—or the gentle flickering of the turf and wood fire, before which sleeping dogs could lie in trance-like stillness, knowing the time for a walk and joyous noise and the time for this answering of their owner's mood. No tapping of a typewriter in the house—almost the whole of my mother's writing life was lived without the possession of one. Manuscripts were sent away to be typed. No sound of radio either, or of a voice forcing the disturbance of the world into this quietness where imaginary worlds were created.

A cosy time for writers, I see, observing details. Perhaps that accounted much for the trend of fiction created in similar rooms. It was easier then to invent a romantic world, stopping now and again, as I see my mother doing, to gaze into the fire. A child reader too, could gaze from book into the fire and see easily the castles built by the printed words. Winter hours between tea and dinner were

exquisite for writer or reader. Time, firelight, lamplight, curtains drawn, often wind and rain outside.

In fact more than wind and rain. I realize that this was a brief prolongation of an age already ended, yet of which much was preserved by those who had made their lives in it and to whom it remained real and the shaking of it appeared a gigantic accident. For that picture must have been during the 1914-1918 war, in which we, as a family, were closely involved. But a soldiers' war only did not break the routine of over or under-age civilians. It came into this quietness with anxieties and griefs, the daily paper's news and no more until to-morrow—not all the radio bulletins to break the day and the heart. It came with men returning, thankful for this unchanged life, while feeling strange in it. And after the war an end of paper shortage and through an armistice something of the past age lingered, to die in 1939, since which there has been no cosy time for anyone and no promise of cosyness ever again for writers.

But in that room, searching for the novels written and read in my mother's time, with a lamp making an oasis of illumination only about the fire, I must take a candle appropriately to go along the shelves. Of course the classic novels were there : Trollope and Jane Austen with their great drama of quiet life, and Walter Scott's romantic adventure and Dickens—many times re-read in childhood when there could never be enough reading matter to fill endless time and appetite. And Meredith and Thomas Hardy. And Arnold Bennett with his " Five Towns "—of whom I heard someone saying that he would take pages to build a room—before paper shortage, before a fashion or rigid word economy and quick journalistic influence on novels. And H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly—rather than his prophecies, or then " modern " novels—was a familiar friend. R. L. Stevenson's great tales and Kipling's tales of Empire builders and ballads and his *Rewards and Fairies* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* making English history and English country alive ; Galsworthy writing of affluent country house life and tilting at the prosperous and possessive in defence of the unpossessing and possessed —novels which bear the mark of the leisure and comfort in which they were written. Conrad's sea winds and strange islands, living ships and austere passion, created in different circumstances—I heard it said that a writer too good and needing too much attention from his reader for popularity, never made more than a very small income. J. M. Barrie was giving delight and winning success before " sentimentality " was condemned.

On other shelves were the lesser story writers who provided fire castles for many an adult. Among them : Stanley Weyman's historical novels, Maurice Hewlett's poetic prose of forest lovers,

Anthony Hope's Ruritanian kings and princesses, and others of th school which provided delightful " escape ". I re-read *The Prisone of Zenda* in 1946 and felt again all the romantic thrill of it with fres gratitude. A fine thing, I thought, to have given that thrill t thousands of readers. Chivalry, hero worship, loyalty, courage an idealistic, self-sacrificing love ; a great many must have been th better for sharing all that. The mass of novelists then wrote o chivalrous men and virtuous women. Villains were clearly indicate as such and right triumphed, as the reader desired, to the happ ending. It is, alas, natural that a generation which can see no happ ending has discarded that in modern fiction. Then the genesis o popular fiction lay in the fairy tales. I heard that said by m prolific writing mother—that there were only—how many stories ?— in the world, all contained in the fairy tales, which give a commo childhood and meeting ground to otherwise separated adults. T these the producers of popular magazine stories turned back whe in need of a plot—transposing the heroes and heroines to familia contemporary types and the background to the English scene. Before 1914, my hereditary information tells that the " escapism " of the mass of women readers—with dull if comfortable lives beside those o their sisters to-day—sought its romance in an unknown glamorous world. Prince Charming of the fairy tale, the fairy princess, Cinderella, the fairy godmother—well, have human nature and its desires changed so much at heart ? In a time of class distinction 'high life' appeared more romantic than it was in fact. This was a different glamour from that offered later by Hollywood films. Later American influence on British fiction was far away—and Henry James far away from that.

A change of demand for the women's serial and magazine market appeared after the first war. Democracy was proclaimed. The " lords and ladies ", of whom a young woman of a later age declared frankly that she liked to read rather than of the working classes, were expelled. The editor of one of a group of women's magazines—a sober young man—stated his needs to my mother unsmilingly : " My readers are young married women living in small suburban houses, with two children. The kind of woman who feels sometimes that her husband doesn't understand her—and about the housework and cooking and how she hates cleaning fowl and so on. We want stories of their own lives and difficulties."

My mother gallantly, to keep our fire burning, if with a wry smile, wrote a story about a young woman—with the specified two children—cleaning a rabbit for her husband's dinner. The author had never cleaned a rabbit nor dreamed of a near time when lords and ladies too would forcibly learn that art. I don't think the demand for such domestic stories lasted long.

In that period also the gentle lady who edited an old-fashioned woman's magazine, to which my mother contributed, came to discuss a serial and reported this recent editorial conference with the two Scottish proprietors, who owned also a farming paper :

> Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie, speaking in one voice and solemnly : " Mrs. Wallace—the sales of *The Lady's Hour* are going down. What is the reason ? " Mrs. Wallace, gaily : " Why, Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie, of course—it's not larky enough ! Not spicy enough ! "
>
> Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie both shook their heads and again spoke in one voice : " We'll ha'e none of that " and broached the question of the new serial. " Who do you suggest, Mrs. Wallace ? " " Katharine Tynan." Again Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie looked at each other solemnly, then two heads nodded and two voices spoke : " We'll ha'e Katharine Tynan."

Novels and magazines were still divided then into those for the family table and otherwise. A ' triangle ' plot remained a struggle between ' love and duty '. (The phrase struck me, being unusual to-day, in a recent *Radio Times* reference to a Somerset Maugham play.) When it became fashionable to mock at the romantic novelists and their characters cloaked with reticence—perhaps with dignity too—as unreality, and cloaks were discarded, the new fashion made an opposite extreme as unreal, with over-emphasis on physical details as if they were the whole, not a part of life. But real war fiction had followed the 1914-1918 war. R. H. Mottram's *The Spanish Farm* held the balance between the natural life of peace and the disturbance and hurt of war, in his hero Skene, representative of the English middle class infantry officer ("The gentlest upbringing in the world," and: "Men who had married, had children and put sex out of their minds "). A. P. Herbert's *The Secret Battle*, written for a cause, showed a man's fight against the intolerable trench warfare strain and in a memorable contrasting scene, a wife's fight amid the sweet domesticities of home, to hold him from the other. Siegfried Sassoon, a survivor of the war poets, wrote biography of the soldier's return in mind to familiar, loved country things. Henry Williamson too found healing for the spiritual wounds of the returned soldier in country and animals. In contrast the German *All Quiet on the Western Front* depicted war and men in it, in the raw, in a mood and hour of violence.

Later Hemingway was to send his heat and violence from America and Steinbeck his *Of Mice and Men*, and *Grapes of Wrath*. But in the middle armistice period the English still liked best to read of themselves (a reminder I heard made in a professional writing world) and honest sentiment produced the best sellers ; Hugh Walpole was chronicling the English—and was to write of a happy, normal family in *The Joyful Delaneys*—and J. B. Priestley's modern Dickens sold

their hundred thousand. Charles Morgan's beautiful prose conveyed the magic of love's approaches, and passion also without the gross touch before which magic flies, and, as in his later *The Judge's Story* with restrained emotion—that of a man with " old fashioned " ideas leaving a living memory of a meeting and the birth of a lasting love without physical touch. Virginia Woolf was for the literary, and Elizabeth Bowen's exquisite art flowered amid and between the ruins of two wars and her native Irish Troubles, producing that lovely early book *The Last September* from adolescent experience and *The Heat of the Day* from another war's maturity.

The poets of 1914-1918 had left their own epitaph—of a generation caught from sweet life and youth, going unwarned to a romantic adventure—with swords and courage as in the romantic novels—and, such as survived, to later disillusion. Their son's generation, born to predestined knowledge, went to war in a different mood and produced little poetry or romantic fiction although some great documentaries, such as Richard Hillary's *The Last Enemy*.

The cosy time for civilian writers vanished with the first civilian's war, in which gigantic events, once the experience of fighting men only, became common experience of common men and women. Cold war continuing hot war, and dashed hopes, brought naturally a school of fiction containing little hope. Yet it is curious that in a time of natural beauty craving, the insistence should be on the ugly and that, with few exceptions, contemporary novelists have neglected the romantic dramas offered by war's real experience—those who desire romance seeking it in another age, as if it had vanished from this.* But with hope repeatedly withdrawn from this world, it was perhaps natural that amid scepticism some novels of religious interest should become best sellers on both sides of the Atlantic. Three British converts to the Catholic Church write of it as those seeing it newly and with their own eyes. The greatest of these, Mr. Graham Greene, offers little hope for this world, although it is his genius to depict the divine working in undivine man. No great spiritual figure lights the way in his earlier and finest novel *The Power and The Glory*, the story of the " whisky priest " who cannot escape his office for which he is hunted and dies. The other priest who appears on the last page to carry on the persecuted mission—to probable martyrdom also—is sour-faced. Mr. Greene's ordinary priests—two in *The Heart of The Matter*—are superbly drawn and their fidelity and sacrifice are more moving because of their human mediocrity. This author does not write of those individual great priests and nuns of real life who prove something beyond human explanation often, even to the hardest doubter. His is no joyous way to heaven. Sin is

* Similarly a time crowded with pity's occasions, produced a number of novels consciously avoiding pity or emotion.

joyless. One may doubt the reality of the two women characters *The Heart of The Matter*, and of some of the events : the precipitate ultery, explained by the author more as the work of "an enemy ho works in terms of friendship, trust and pity," than as that of the est African climate. In real life surely those three terms lead away om adultery. But whatever one's doubts, the beauty of the writing d the passionate pity light this sombre story of defeat.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited* devotes his brilliant rt to pictures of mainly unpleasant people whose religion makes tle light in their lives although it may get them in the end. Again e picture of the ordinary priest called to the death-bed of a lapsed tholic convert is superb. By contrast, Mr. Bruce Marshall lights his many readers with his gay chronicles of wholly human iests and nuns moving in to-day's troubled world, on a hard but llier road to heaven.

Adultery, once unusual and therefore interesting, is now common d fills some novels to the exclusion of the also interesting subject fidelity which yet remains more prevalent in real life. If that ntinues to diminish, no doubt the interest will shift. Virginal omen, once an essential of romantic fiction, may return too. ill future generations take contemporary novels as a true picture British life of this time ? I have wondered, reading some of them. he chronicle *Through the Valley* by Robert Henriques, with its autiful descriptions of English country, and vivid characters, is arred by its nastiness—not reality that most of the women in the ory, even the doctor's wife, should be wanton and without dignity. real life, many people personally find adultery distasteful. One rious growing convention is revealed in characters who express a gh code of honour and morals in other matters, and implicitly scard the existence of those in matters of sex. Perhaps the divorce the physical and the spiritual, which are both necessary to complete xual love, marks the separation from older Christian ideals which rsisted also in many agnostics. With the concentration on the ysical, goes the theme of the decay of the body and of beauty in d age. Reading such, I have thought of the beauty made by age at I have known. Enid Bagnold's *The Loved and Envied* ggests an escape from to-day's real world into a somewhat macabre iry-tale of a group of people living mainly in a post-war Paris and rench forest impossibly untouched by war, German Occupation r Resistance experience. Free, miraculously, from money troubles, mote from poverty-pain, the concentration is on love affairs. eautiful writing, flashes of exquisite perception—but the book is lled with the preoccupation of human decay and death—indeed the eath scenes are masterly and there is relief in that of the Duke

Alberti, fortified by the rites of his Church, as in the kind young man, James, who is the Prince Charming of this deliberate fairy tale.

Earlier novelists wrote of the normal. If the abnormal existed, it was seen from the security of the normal, as seen by doctors and spiritual doctors, pityingly. "Morbidity is infectious," Sir Desmond MacCarthy observes in a recent article, and whatever is read constantly must leave a sediment in the pipe of the mind. It is significant and heartening that such a documentary as *The Wooden Horse*, with its record of the life and talk of men together, should make such pleasant contrast to some war and peace fiction of the "reality" school. Mr. Eric Williams's characters are profoundly moving and attractive, because they are real.

Among war novelists, Mr. H. E. Bates so concentrates on violence and cruelty—admittedly telling of real life filled with both—that it is hard to discover his human characters. In *The Flaming Sword* they moved, for me, figures amid the flames, and it seemed that they were used sometimes by the author to prove his prejudices and conventions —with loss of artistic opportunity. The Scottish nurse held greater interest potentialities than the now hackneyed 'frustration'. (I thought of one I met in India, running "a happy hospital".) The priests and nuns of Mr. Bates's Kashmir Mission too recalled, by contrast, some met personally in India and others described by unbiassed observers, there, and in Japanese prison camps.

Surely the most real recorder in fiction of ordinary men and women of our time is that great teller of tales, Mr. Nevil Shute, with his straightforward stories of gigantic events and the high heroism of those ordinary men and women. *Pastoral*, the story of life on a R.A.F. bomber station, has its name from the country pleasures to which the young men and girls caught so piteously into war, turned naturally in their brief hours of release. Here is the balance of mad war and sane things of peace, against an English background. I have read nothing of this kind that has moved me more than the record of the twenty-year-old Waafs carrying the burden of the nineteen-year-old airmen, who, releasing the strain on them, were so able to endure it—a piece of history told in simple conversation, without comment; similarly, in *A Town Like Alice*, horror and redeeming mercy and heroism in the experience of prisoners under the Japanese, and then the equally true journey into post-war life. Reading one post-war love scene, I trembled lest Mr. Shute was going to follow dusty convention. I trembled not because of 'old-fashioned' ideas, but because such a climax would have been false and bad art. But the scene ended as it would have ended with such people in life—the change to gentleness and natural restraint. Mr. Shute's older characters are as real as the young—with normal feelings and pangs

ot distorted jealousies and the other bag of complexes.

The influence of the cinema, radio and journalistic telescoping, aper shortage and fashion have condemned leisurely writing and ie old-fashioned building of background. Perhaps loyalty, an nportant character in a whole story of life, has been largely dis-laced with background. American influence to-day is strong here. mid much American fiction now flooding this country, have come ie toughest of 1939-1945 war novels and, from a different inspira-on, *Meg* by T. Keogh, dealing with a young American girl's setting, hich made Mr. John Betjeman reviewing it, sigh for *Little Women*. lass-produced American fiction also fills large space in the British opular women's magazines (*Women's This* and *That* now, not *ady's* !) supplanting the former simple British romantic stories. The at or hotel room or country club replaces the former English or ritish Empire scene ; the old-fashioned hero—farmer or devoted oung doctor or strong silent Englishman in the east—gives place o the publicity agent. There is much peculiarly American, arti-cially stimulated sex atmosphere and untasteful emphasis on silken nderwear. The illumination is the neon lamp, the wind is air-onditioned, the dew on the grass is melted by glare. Background ends to be absent, and with it, loyalties. (Paradoxically, the merican phrase " lovely background " emphasizes something equiring to be made for a nation developed from constantly moving ioneers and still mobile, and while American influence drives out ritish background here, in America, the emphasis continues on this, s on the word " home ", used for " house " by a race living ex-rovertly, and emphasis also on such American possessions as are ge-mellowed.)

This American influence joined to a somewhat similar one, home roduced, comes in a time of British insecurity, flight also to town fe and vanished homes, and existence in one-room flats. Will the ritish background vanish ? Yet there are signs of survival strength. he glamour of film stars fades naturally with several marriages ; omance cannot possibly be made of a divorce court or a marriage ontracted with that likely end. The best selling ' story ' for women's agazines remains one of the royal family ; and the romance of two rincesses with the old fashioned fairy-tale background and code, ie Prince Charming, the appeal of a Queen Mother symbolizing ignity, public and family duty and courage, have still no rivals.

The author is the daughter of Katharine Tynan, the Irish poet and novelist, and has herself written several novels.)

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

EZRA POUND

By B. Evan Owen

THE many, and often irrelevant, passions that have been aroused by the perverse genius of Ezra Pound since the publication of his first work in 1908, bedevil all attempts to arrive at an objective assessment of his place in contemporary letters. In 1949 he was awarded the Bollingen Prize for the best poetry by an American citizen published during the year in the United States and this unexpected decision started anew the controversies that have raged intermittently around his poetry for the past 40 years. He has always been an enemy of compromise, in his writings no less than in his personal relations, and his critics have tended to follow suit, alternating in their judgments between adulation and contempt. Ezra Pound is the world's greatest living poet—or he is nothing.

" You can take a man to Perugia or to Borgo San Sepolcro but you can't make him prefer one kind of painting to another," he wrote in an early essay. One can likewise take a man to *The Cantos* or to *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, but you cannot make him prefer Ezra Pound to Robert Frost or Walter de la Mare. *The Cantos* are a compound of significant beauty and of clogging ashes ; of profound insight and trivial superficiality. The final verdict must await their completion—if that is to be—and an integrated judgment that will not be achieved until the man, in all his complexity, can be seen in historical perspective, and his poetry judged on its ow merits.

Meanwhile, with t e painstaking editing of *The Letters of Ezra Pound* *, Mr. Paige provides us with an opportunity to discover for ourselves something of the true worth of this twentieth-century problem child. It is a truly monumental piece of work and, in relation to the literary scene of 1910-1940, the most important commentary yet to appear.

The story of Ezra Pound's discovery of James Joyce and his unwearying efforts on behalf of the sick and retiring Irish genius is well known in outline. Through the letters that passed between Ezra Pound and H. L. Mencken, Wyndham Lewis, John Quinn, Harriet Shaw Weaver and others, some of the details can be filled in. The main impressions gained from a study of his dealings with those artists in whom he believed, are of immense understanding, deep sympathy and a great capacity for self-sacrifice. Had he not been able to persuade Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver to provide Joyce with a degree of financial security, *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* might never have been finished and the ill-health that was Joyce's constant enemy might have claimed an early victory. All the troubles and frustrations attendant upon the publication of Joyce's work Ezra Pound took upon himself and did all he could to cushion the Irishman against the rude buffetings of a world not yet ready for him.

"Don't write to Joyce for a few days," Ezra Pound said in a letter to Miss Weaver, " it will only give him needless worry . . ." And at a later date : " Joyce is all in bed with rheumatism, and very worried, and I hope for his sake, as well as for the few intelligent people who want the book (*Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) that it can manage to come out."

* *The Letters of Ezra Pound* 1907-1941. Edited by D. D. Paige. Faber. 25s.

Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Breszka the sculptor, and, of course, T. S. Eliot, were among the other recipients of Ezra Pound's energetic patronage. His enthusiasm for the early works of T. S. Eliot is well illustrated in a letter to Harriet Monroe, founder and editor of *Poetry* in Chicago, in 1914: "I was jolly well right about Eliot. He has sent in the best poem I have yet had or seen from an American. Pray God it be not a single and unique success!" Miss Monroe was not so easily convinced and it took Ezra Pound six months of pleading and cajolery before *Prufock* appeared in her magazine.

Addicted as he was to extremes of praise and blame, he was as vigorous in his rejection of those poets in whom he had no faith as he was vigorous in support of his favourites. His critical judgments often appear to have been at fault, yet not to the extent some of his detractors would have us believe. He wrote of Shaw in 1922, "... he is fundamentally trivial." And of W. H. Auden in 1931: "I personally do not share the Auden craze, it isn't as much as a craze anyhow; it is merely that Auden is so large a part of what little they (the English) have got." It is possible that literary historians of the future will judge him to have been wiser than he knew.

There is much to interest aspiring poets in his correspondence with those young writers in whom he thought he detected the vital spark of genius. Ezra Pound was not only a poet and a sponsor of poets; he was also a patient and painstaking teacher. His discussions with Laurence Binyon concerning the latter's translation of Dante are detailed and erudite and should prove a rewarding source of information to the student of poetry.

From the gusto, the passion and the sincerity of this mass of correspondence, comprising nearly four hundred letters, emerges an Ezra Pond of greater stature and yet more approachably human than before. It is a sad commentary on the confusions of our age that this man should be condemned to spend the remainder of his life in a Washington mental hospital as a result of those crassly foolish (but surely unimportant?) broadcasts from Rome. The world of the arts to which he had devoted his life proved to be a poor preparation for his ill-advised entry into the political bull-ring. His hatred of usury and his belief that America had been destroyed by the banks and had become the world's lowest example of an "usurocracy", distorted fantastically his view of the events that precipitated the 1939-1945 war. He blundered badly and has paid for his mistakes.

"He has never been a pitiful figure," wrote Ernest Hemingway of him in 1925. "He has fought his fights with a very gay grimness and his wounds heal quickly." The wounds that will confine him in a mental hospital for the rest of his life may not heal as quickly as the scratches he sustained in literary combat but, on the evidence of his letters, he is of too great a stature for us to allow ourselves to inflict upon him the insult of our pity.

IN DEFENCE OF REASON, by H. J. Paton. *Hutchinson*. 16*s*.

The defence of reason against irrationalism, pragmatism, naturalism, existentialism, logical positivism, has been conducted from different sides by those who believe that the great tradition in philosophy, the *philosophia perennis*, is still valid. The Catholic Neo-Thomists, ably represented in English by E. I. Watkin and Sheen, are fundamentally at one with independent thinkers like Urban and Aldous Huxley. They would all defend Reason (*Ratio*) against the contempt of Kierkegaard and Bergson, but they are more concerned to claim authority for *Intellectus*, which is the *a priori* apprehension of absolute values by the whole personality acting under the disciplined guidance of its highest faculty. *Ratio* is the 'shadow' of *Intellectus*, but, as Pennington says, the shadow is a true

shadow, as the substance is a true substance.

Professor Paton approaches the controversy from a different side. He is a Kantian, the author of two important books on the Moral Law and the Categorical Imperative in Kant's philosophy. This new volume is a collection of lectures and essays, one of them nearly thirty years old, and another, which stands rather apart from the rest, on a point of epistemology in Plato. The other chapters are either interpretations of Kant or discussions of present day controversies, such as the new essay on existentialism. Since this ' attitude to life '—he will not call it a philosophy—includes atheists like Sartre and Catholics like Marcel, it is not surprising that he fails to make it intelligible.

In his inaugural lecture at Oxford in 1937, Professor Paton regrets that there is a reaction against the idealism of Green, Wallace, Caird and Bradley. " It is the fashion to be cold and hard and clear and logical." Is this a recall to the common sense of the eighteenth century, or does it over-emphasize analysis, forgetting that philosophy must be synoptic, an attempt to understand reality as a whole ? Analysis does not lead to a creative synthesis, and a moral philosophy which ignores metaphysics is often based on a bad metaphysic. It is not the concern of philosophy to deal only with departmental problems. Science is no longer dogmatically determinist, but there seems to be a tendency to reduce man to insignificance and futility. The only genuine freedom is the freedom of a rational being to act intelligently in the light of his understanding of the universe. Behaviourism has renewed the attack on human freedom which used to come from physics. Physiology can never be a substitute for moral philosophy, and psychology tells us nothing about what ' ought to be '. Philosophy must always be that which it has hitherto always been, an art, or way, of living.

I am not competent to discuss controversial questions in Kant's philosophy. But we may be confident that the sage of Königsberg has nothing to fear from Kierkegaard's *credibile est quia absurdum*, or from those who think with Bergson that the intellect is debarred from any contact with reality.

W. R. INGE

STUDIES IN MILTON, by E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto & Windus*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

With this volume, the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, after a period in which he has been mainly concerned with Shakespeare and the Elizabethan world picture, returns to what may be called his first love, Milton. During the interval of about twenty years Miltonic scholarship has been scarcely less active and wide-spread than Shakespearian. In its light and in that of his own maturer thought, Dr. Tillyard has brought together these studies which supplement or correct his earlier views.

The most important of these corrections is in the longest of the essays, " The Crisis of *Paradise Lost*." Dr. Tillyard had previously accepted the view of Walter Raleigh and other leading critics that the central point in the poem, to which all before led up and from which all afterwards radiated, was the eating of the apple by Eve. As a bare story this may be true, but not, as Dr. Tillyard contends, in Milton's poetic treatment. " He anticipates the Fall by attributing to Eve and Adam feelings which though nominally felt in the state of innocence are actually not compatible with it." Such are Eve's dream of her temptation by Satan in the beginning of Book V, and Adam's confession to Raphael at the end of Book VIII that Eve's beauty affects him with " commotion strange ". Thus in Dr. Tillyard's words,

> both are virtually fallen before the official temptation has begun . . . The Fall, then, must be extended back in time ; it has no plain and sensational beginning . . . The same is true of what happens after Eve has

eaten the apple. The process of falling continues. It takes time for it to work itself utterly out.

And on this basis another theme is interwoven with that of the Fall, the process of regeneration which has begun before the effects of the Fall are fully felt, and which is consummated when at the end of Book X Adam and Eve make their peace with each other and their contrite confession to God. Hence, and this is Dr. Tillyard's cardinal plea, " instead of a small spot in Book Nine for a watershed you have to take the whole great area of Books Nine and Ten." For the detailed illustration of this from the text of the poem, with many subtle psychological and dramatic touches, readers must be referred to Dr. Tillyard's pages.

Among the complementary studies relating to *Paradise Lost* attention may be drawn to " A Note on Satan," where Dr. Tillyard protests against the view propounded by the late Charles Williams and by Mr. C. S. Lewis, that Milton's Satan is a ridiculous figure. Nor is he a hero, but a tragic example of perverted greatness, to whom, by a surprising paradox, Dr. Tillyard finds an analogy in Hitler !

Another controversial essay is entitled " The Action of *Comus*. " There is often a dispute as to whether the Enchanter or the Lady has the better of the argument. It has the appearance of an academic debate ending in a stalemate. Dr. Tillyard is convinced that this is not the case. By a comparison of passages in the Lady's final reply to Comus and in the Spirit's epilogue, as in the Trinity College MS (1634), with the later versions in the first printed edition (1637), and by references to Spenser's " Garden of Adonis" in *The Faerie Queene* and to Phineas Fletcher's Agnia and Parthenia in *The Purple Island*, he concludes that the play is given a shap and a solution. " Comus advocates incontinence, Acrasia ; the Lady advocates abstinence. The Attendant Spirit gives the solution, advocating the Aristotelian middle course, which for the Lady is the right one ; and it is marriage."

One of the most interesting and informative chapters in the book is on " Milton's Private Correspondence and Academic Exercises " printed in the year of his death, 1674. The letters contain valuable biographical information, and the Exercises or *Prolusiones* throw light on Milton's attitude towards the Cambridge curriculum of his day. Prominent among them is the seventh on the theme that Learning brings more blessings to men than Ignorance, which Dr. Tillyard classes among Milton's major works, and of which he gives a summary. This is followed by a discussion of the respective shares of " Theology and Emotion in Milton's Poetry " which closes a highly stimulating volume.

F. S. Boas

THE PARLIAMENT OF FRANCE, by D. W. S. Lidderdale. Foreword by Edouard Herriot. *The Hansard Society*. 18*s*.

It is only the rare student of international politics, approaching the word ' Parliament ' from the safe ground of the differing national psychologies, who appreciates the wealth of significance in the Frenchman's (or indeed the Continental's) use of the term. Indeed, this difference between the conception of the rôle of Parliament held instinctively by the Englishman, on the one hand, and the Continental ' political man ', on the other, is at the root of the difficulties under which the Council of Europe at Strasbourg is labouring.

No greater service to international understanding, therefore, could have been rendered than this study, by one of the House of Commons Clerks, of French parliamentary theory, practice and procedure. Here is the type of book which, seemingly written for the specialist, should in fact be in the hands of every intelligent man and woman.

In France, to begin with, it is really Parliament, in the sense of a repository of the delegated powers of the people,

which is sovereign—indeed, not Parliament but the National Assembly or Lower House alone. As Mr. Lidderdale says in his Preface: "The Government is traditionally an interloper in the Chambers, and a weak interloper at that. It must negotiate frequent compromises to keep the support of a majority, and it has no direct control of the arrangement of business." It can only maintain its position "so long as it does nothing which will antagonize a proportion of its supporters large enough to put the Government in a minority by their defection." And those supporters are, in the nature of things, a variety of political groups uniting in an *ad hoc* coalition. This is the essential point. For the existence of a number of different parties is the fundamental premise of French, nay of Continental, political democracy. These divisions are based on an analysis of political difference which attempts to reflect the fine shades (*nuances*) of opinion, in contrast to the rough-and ready division into two *blocs* (or teams) which is regarded as essential to the functioning of parliamentary government in English-speaking countries. We are arrogant and insular in assuming that any democratic country which has not adopted our system is simply in an earlier stage of development. (Some may remember the *mot* of André Maurois, in *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, about the British having conveniently arranged for two groups of persons in Parliament to operate their politics for them, thus giving the rest of the nation time to play cricket!)

It is this multiplicity of parties, not any defect in the Parliamentarymachine, which accounts for the notorious "instability" of government in France; though, as M. Vincent Auriol was constrained to tell the Americans recently, with all the various changes of Government since 1947 there has been surprisingly little change in the personnel of those Governments, and only two Foreign Ministers, as compared with five U.S. Secretaries of State.

The technicalities of the book are for the specialist student. Suffice it to say that the author has covered the ground very thoroughly and has supplied, in addition to synopsis and index, a most useful glossary of French parliamentary terms. There is an addendum covering the Resolution of November 30, 1950, which made certain proposals for constitutional revision, and also recent procedural changes.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

MAO TSE-TUNG, RULER OF RED CHINA, by Robert Payne. *Secker & Warburg*. 18*s*.

The first full-length biography of Mao Tse-tung, must by its very title attract attention, and readers certainly will not be disappointed by Mr. Payne's book, informed as it is by knowledge of China, by study of Communist records, of Mao's own writings, and by acquaintance with himself. The spotlight is perhaps a little too much kept on Mao always in the middle of the stage. And all the credit is given to him which was undoubtedly shared by others; Chu Teh's genius in building up the Red Army should not be ignored. But Mr. Payne is not blind to the flaws in his idol, Mao, he points out, is noticeably weak when he falls back from personal experience to dogma; and his total ignorance of foreign countries (shared by most of the Communists) leads him to erroneous, sometimes absurd, conclusions. He could not believe that Great Britain would quit India and thought that, if she did, it would only be a trick to preserve imperialism in a new form.

What strikes one so much is Mao's extraordinary many-sidedness. His progress from constitutional monarchist through Socialism to Communism was normal enough in a young man inflamed by the wrongs of the Chinese people. But he is a poet of no mean order, a dramatist, insisting on the importance of western culture, and from boyhood up so steeped in Confucianism that Mr. Payne says his political philosophy might be described

as a sort of Confucian-Marxism. His present position is sufficient evidence of his supremacy as thinker and leader. The "Borodin epoch" (1923-1927), when Mao was in the background, is scamped though it was important in showing how the Communists turned many besides Chiang Kai-shek against them. (There are two sides to the bombardment of Nanking and the "Shanghai massacre" in April 1927; Mr. Payne only gives the Communist's.) But the creation of the first Chinese Soviets in the Kiangsi mountains; of the five campaigns with Chiang Kai-shek; and the 5,000-mile Long March to Shensi are magnificently described. One thing clear is that Russia has never given any material help to the Chinese Communists. It would be interesting to know why Mao stayed for nearly two months in Moscow negotiating the Russo-Chinese treaty of February 1950. He certainly did not need all that time to visit Russian factories, with his own Government but three months in power.

The long summary of Mao's five books written between 1934-1941 is particularly interesting. Here is ground for the once-prevalent belief that Mao is "of milder mood" than his colleagues. Recent events are against it. But on the eve of Japan's downfall Mao seems really to have thought that a compromise with the Kuomintang was possible. Mutual mistrust between the parties was too deep. As General Marshall said, "each side took counsel only of its own fears and saw in any concession by the other only another trap."

In his comparison between Mao and Chiang Kai-shek, Mr. Payne is not wholly fair to Chiang. Angular and obstinate as he was, Chiang was a patriot and great leader before and during the war. Afterwards he somehow took the wrong road and so crashed—perhaps an example of Acton's dictum on the absolute corruption of absolute power. Mr. Payne's intensely interesting book leaves one wondering whether Mao Tse-tung, now deified as few Chinese have ever been, will escape a like fate.

O. M. GREEN

TITO AND GOLIATH, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

WITH TITO THROUGH THE WAR, by Vladimir Dedijer. *Alexander Hamilton.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

TITO'S COMMUNISM, by Josef Korbel. *University of Denver Press.* $4.

In his dying statement Lenin called Bukharin "the greatest and most valuable theoretician." Marshal Stalin agreed, so long as Bukharin's theories agreed with his. When Mr. Armstrong met Bukharin in Paris in 1936 it was to hear from him that rivalry and competition between Communist States was an impossibility. Now we have three books concerning a man who has rudely contradicted Bukharin's maxim, which that person cannot explain, because early in 1938 Lenin's favourite theoretician was tried by Marshal Stalin for his particular deviation from the consensus of Marxist truth and was shot.

These three books on Marshal Tito's activities are written from different angles. Mr. Fish Armstrong, as one would expect from the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, is the grave historian, extremely well documented, whose literary style would have the approval of Mr. Churchill; Mr. Dedijer, a fellow countryman of Marshal Tito's, shared the wartime perils of one to whom he is devoted; more critical is Mr. Korbel, a Czechoslovak who first went to Belgrade as Press Attaché and returned as Minister.

Mr. Dedijer is, of course, drastic in condemnation of Mihailovic, Marshal Tito's chief opponent in the Yugoslav civil war. We are told of various horrors perpetrated by troops that were accused of collaboration, at any rate of an understanding with Italians and Germans. One of Mr. Dedijer's witnesses is a little girl who quite calmly

related what had been done at Kamenice the previous night by the Croat *ustachi*, those bands of Pavelich, the international spy and professional assassin, as Mr. Armstrong describes him, who preached racial purity and racial hate, killed thousands of Jews and massacred such of the Serb population of Croatia who refused to be converted from the Orthodox Church to Catholicism. "They chopped Mummy up into ever so many pieces," said that little girl.

Civil wars are always the most terrible and many things occurred which both parties would like to forget. Whether this will be possible Mr. Korbel scarcely believes. "I have met Serbs," he says, "whom I know as sensible people, who have told me that the continuation of Yugoslavia is out of the question when liberation comes." These pessimistic Serbs accuse Marshal Tito of trying to disintegrate the Serbian nation by artificially creating one in Macedonia. But surely considerable credit should be given to him precisely for his Macedonian policy. For many turbulent years that province was the apple of discord between Serb and Bulgar; now Marshal Tito has decided that in Skoplje, Macedonia's capital, there shall assemble a local legislature in which all the inhabitants are represented, while newspapers are now printed there in the Macedonian dialect. This statesmanlike policy has strengthened the Yugoslav idea; to assert that it is disintegrating Serbia is palpably absurd. Mr. Armstrong reminds us that as long ago as 1944 Marshal Tito sent his leading foreign policy adviser, Edvard Kardelj (now his Foreign Minister) to Sofia to see whether the time had not come to solve the Macedonian problem within the framework of a Yugoslav-Bulgarian federation.

Mr. Korbel tells us that when Mr. Dedijer came to see him they were agreed upon many things. Mr. Korbel wished for more publicity to be given to his country in the Yugoslav press; but when, two months later, Mr. Dedijer proudly showed him the statistics giving Czechoslovakia first place in publicity it turned out that the articles were all quotations from the Czechoslovak Communist press attacking the democratic parties.

For an understanding of Marshal Tito's position these three books should all be studied. Mr. Armstrong has far the most complete index and his information on such minor matters as Albanian intrigues is admirably told. Mr. Korbel believes that Yugoslavia is governed by four men, in whom Marshal Tito's personal charm is balanced by the straightforward actions of Djilas, the coldness of Rankovic and the severe, theoretical background of Kardelj. Mr. Dedijer lost his gallant wife during one of the numerous battles in which he was engaged. On one occasion: "When I reached my wife's side the enemy was bombarding savagely at close range and this diary was the only thing I had, to protect her head from shrapnel."

HENRY BAERLEIN

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF LONDON by William Kent. *Dent.* 20*s.*

LONDON WEST OF THE BARS, by Douglas Newton. *R. Hale.* 15*s.*

OLD BANKSIDE, by Grace Golden. *Williams & Norgate.* 15*s.*

EAST END STORY, by A. B. Levy. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

PAGEANT OF LONDON (Illustrated). *Odhams Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nineteen hundred years of history and two hundred and fifty square miles in area are compressed readably in the 650 pages of the revised edition of *An Encyclopaedia of London.* Here are facts by the thousand and reading for a lifetime both for the expert and amateur on London and the visitor who, charmed and bewildered by the endless variety of the city's life, will turn these pages with retrospective pleasure and satisfaction. Much pruning has obviously had to be done and not all of it will meet with universal agreement, for encyclopaedias, like anthologies, tend to be personal. The section, for

xample, on London's clubs contains ome serious omissions but if all such riticisms are to be met, the result vould probably have been six volumes nd the price outside the reach of the verage purse. Mr. Kent has dis-illed much of the essence of the London scene and in this he has been admirably assisted by his distinguished contri-tributors. This edition contains entirely new material on banks, Belgravia, institutes, South Bank, and the blitz, complete with 16 full page illustrations including one of the city's medieval mummies.

London West of the Bars tells the story of the development of the city from the time when the rise of commerce and more stable social conditons made possible an ordered life outside the enclosing walls. Westward through Westminster to Kensington and Paddington, Mr. Newton makes the centuries reveal their secrets. The 'unnamed" circus, however, from which Tottenham Court Road strikes north is St. Giles, and I seem to remember many authorities preferring Gough Square to Staples Inn as the birthplace of *Rasselas*. The book is liberally illustrated with first-class prints and well indexed; it is in every way a worthy companion to the volumes already published in the County Books series under the general editorship of Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

From west to south-east—in which Miss Golden has so successfully cap-ured the spirit of Southwark. This playground of the Elizabethans extended rom old London Bridge to where Blackfriars Bridge now stands on the outh bank of the River Thames and onsisted of the Liberty of the Clink nd the more westerly Paris garden. n these areas, my Lords the Bishops f Winchester acted as commissione f the peace, and their prison to which uilty offenders were committed stood n the north side of Clink Street, now a ery narrow turning flanked with high arehouses. The street posts which ndicated the limits of the Bishops' uthority are disused cannons and one inscribed with the word 'Clink' can be seen outside the famous Bankside tavern, "The Anchor". From Bankside's place in history Miss Golden traces the years rich with the presence of Shakespeare, Pepys, Dr. Johnson, and Dickens, illustrating the text with 50 of her own excellent sketches. *Old Bankside* may well in time become a classic, for the shadow of the hand of the planner is already visible over Bankside. A giant new power station is being built and soon the alleys, wharves, and cranes will vanish and in their place will be river-side gardens, and another link with London's past will be severed.

East End Story is based on a series of articles which Mr. A. B. Levy wrote and illustrated for the *Jewish Chronicle* in 1948 under the general heading of: "In Search of the East End." The volume testifies to his ability both as journalist and artist and his word pictures of the social and religious life of the Jew in the East End deserve the widest audience. Was Mr. Levy successful in his search? In his last essay, he reaches certain conclusions including the fact that the drift from that area to Hackney, Clapton and Golders Green continues. The tragedy and courage of Jewry shine through these pages and one is rueful that he has not expressed an opinion on the problem of integration. Over a hundred Hebrew or Yiddish words occur in the text and, though an excellent glossary is provided, the irritation caused by the need for frequent consultation while reading was considerable.

The illustrated *Pageant of London* is finely produced and has an Introduction by the Lord Mayor of London and a descriptive text which never obtrudes by Mr. H. F. Hutcheson. The volume, with pictures of pomp and circumstance, of London at work and play, and of the London scene, is one of the "Britain Illustrated' series, and is a pleasant way of reminding the visitor of Festival year.

HERBERT T. BANYARD

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"Literature, the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions" bulks large in this month's assemblage and, in spite of John Morley's warning, utterly fails to intimidate as represented here. So, at one of those short cuts to what has been admirably written seems to be the apposite starting point. With advancing years, we still despise such compilations or we begin to respect them; the soundness of our reading foundations and the extent of our forgetfulness can determine not only either of these attitudes but both—humiliatingly— at the same time.

How does it go?

All the usual tests and games may be played with EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AND PROVERBS, compiled by D. C. Browning (*Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). Smugness at omissions is rarer than delight in well-loved inclusions, and pain at treasures wrenched from their settings is anodyned by the exact shapes of what for years we have been—and not always correctly—paraphrasing. Pope is expected with:

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said: 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

"Ha!" you exclaim, "but what about J. C. Squire's retort?" as you turn maliciously to the S's. Well, here it is (and note: not under the other where a lesser compiler might have put it in brackets) in the proper place to test, and subtly flatter, the searcher:

> It did not last: the Devil howling 'Ho,
> Let Einstein be', restored the *status quo*.

And back in the B's there is Byron to sum up:

> Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Not that authors in alphabetical order are the only amenities; each reference has its number in the more than 200 double-spaced pages of index to eliminate page-finding, the entries themselves stretch in single-space comfort, and the proverbs are so many and often rare that no memory, however gargantuan, could carry them.

Timely release

Among these it was disappointing not to find "Whom the gods love die young", required to introduce the next book, A LAST SHEAF, by Denton Welch (*John Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). For almost every one of the 60-odd poems gathered here speak the theme of death, and there is heartbreak scattered throughout the collection of sketches—as in the one of his visit to Sickert, who shouted good-humouredly: "Goodbye. Come again when you can't stop so long," with Welch commenting: "And at these words a strange pang went through me, for it was what my father had always said as he closed the book... and it was time for me to go to bed." The nine paintings reproduced, with their catlike humans and humanlike cats, seem to indicate what Mr. Eric Oliver in his introduction refers to as an "interest in the supernatural" and are full of a kind of repulsive power. Everyone who grieved for poet, novelist and painter struggling through the 13 years after the accident which finally killed him, will be glad to have these rich gleanings from his pen.

A long day closes

There are no more to come from André Gide's either, who, seven months after the last entry, closes his journal on January 25, 1950: "These insignificant lines . . . everything leads me to think that they will be the last . . ." On February 19, 1951, he died, still loved of the gods for all his 81 years. Justin O'Brien's immense task of translating, introducing and copiously annotating the diary which began in 1889, is done, with the appearance of THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE: Vol. IV 1939-1949 (*Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*). The bookshelves are honoured four-fold

as this last volume goes into place. Here is the man who thinks that "literature has been unable to produce anything so perfect" as the *Well-Tempered Clavicord*; who contemplates the huge plane tree outside his window, admiring its perfection of equilibrium; who says when he is 74: "During the hours of sleeplessness I go over this or that series of verses beginning for instance: "*Iris, je vous louerais,*" and am not satisfied until I reach the end" (there are 170-odd lines, beginning Book X of La Fontaine's *Fables*); who thinks, and tells why, *Lear* is a poor play, and reads John Stuart Mill "with great interest and profit." This Frenchman is the Pepys of Europe, indeed of the world, and his diary should be as handy as Samuel's. The cost complete would be £6, a stumbling-block to becoming a universal classic. Publishers and Editor might consider producing a distilled edition—granted, a formidable task, for who could discard snippets like: "In increasing that of others lies my greatest joy"?

The understanding critic

Meanwhile (and, we suspect, as the forerunner of many books about the man—each becoming franker on his sexual aberration and more analytical of his enormous output without being able to subtract from his sum of greatness), there is George Painter's ANDRE GIDE (*Arthur Barker*. 8*s*. 6*d*.) to clear a way to the work itself for those who know it not, while telling the story of its creator's life. Gide truly said that critics did not try to explain or understand him but took up and maintained positions against him. Mr. Painter is not once in danger of that pitfall all the way to his last chapter, which he bases on another of those important snippets from the *Journal*: "The only art that pleases me is that which sets out from unrest and makes for serenity." And it is doubtful, in all the spate of books that are sure to follow, if there will be one more penetrating, more fair, more sparing of imputing influences, and more readable than this.

The poet's task

Of LITERATURE AND LIFE (*Harrap*. 9*s*. 6*d*.) it should be reported too that readableness is one of its many charms. That this is by no means a foregone conclusion to a collection of addresses will not be disputed, no matter how "literary" a lecturer may be. These, delivered to the English Association, range from "Keats in his Letters" by Margaret Willy to W. G. Cassidy's "The Wicked Baronet" of melodrama. In between there are such pleasant diversions as "Children in English Literature" and "The English Sailor in Fiction", the first by Dorothy Margaret Stuart and the second by J. G. Bullocke. Then there are "James Elroy Flecker" by Patric Dickinson and Angela Thirkell's "Dumas's Debt to England" among the others, and especially "English Poetry of To-day" by Lord Samuel. He is "only concerned to illustrate tendencies"—so the dryness in his voice echoed by the printed word may merely be in the ear or eye of the listener or the reader. Space-devouring quotation must be resisted, but all are cordially recommended to see for themselves what he means, although with no expectation that they will be able to see what the poets meant. The past tense is deliberate, for there is little fear that such work will endure; the cult will pass like other dictatorships. Lord Samuel's plea for a fresh start away from pessimism, along the courses of gratitude, courage and reverence, to where "the poet will illuminate and inspire, and be crowned with honour and praise" leads straight to the dissection of that "schism in the soul" of the modern world.

The poet's inadequacy

This is neatly done in CRISIS IN ENGLISH POETRY 1880-1940 by V. de S. Pinto (*Hutchinson's University Library*. 7*s*. 6*d*.). The author sees in Henley

" perhaps the first resolute attempt in English to use ugliness, meanness and pain as subjects of poetry." How to combine the realisms of the exterior world with an exploration of the inner life was the preoccupation of Hardy, Hopkins, Yeats and the others, before the Edwardians and Georgians, the trench poets, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot and after. In the poetry of C. Day Lewis, Edith Sitwell and Mr. Eliot, the author sees that the " internal crisis ", the cleavage between the modernists and the traditionalists, has been overcome ; the " external crisis " still awaits solution in a standardized and mechanized world. In concluding that : " The great achievement of English poetry in the period surveyed in this study is that it has remained alive, " the unwelcome impression is left that the standardization and so on are more to blame than the poets for the lingering death of poetry. These are the legislators, acknowledged or not, if they will ; on them lies at least an equal share of responsibility.

Shelley and friend

Which brings us to the astringencies of the wholly delightful lecture on BYRON AND SHELLEY (1*s.* 6*d.*) to the University of Nottingham by D G. James, at which Professor Pinto took the chair. All our ever-young and poignant thoughts of poets whom the gods loved indeed are broken down into a crucible that finally yields them up to us freshly moulded and furbished. This is because the laughter at the angelic Shelley and the satanic Byron " all too reconciled to death " is a chuckle not a jeer ; innocence and subtlety alike, astoundingly, were instruments in the triumph over both men, not of life but of Romanticism.

Getting to know

Indeed : " Not conformity, but diversity was the characteristic feature " of the Romantic spirit, as T. G. Williams says in GETTING TO KNOW ENGLISH LITERATURE (C. *A. Watts*). This is a packed shillingsworth of some 120 pages which, though not professing to dig deep is yet guiltless of the superficialities. Under the first part, " The Meaning of Literature ", the author groups chapters on its place among the arts, its basic materials and forms, its word music and its relation to the public. The second half has " Poetry ", " The Novel ", " Drama " and " General Prose " in its survey of " The English Tradition in Literature ". If the book is mainly intended for those " who perhaps learnt very little of English Literature at school ", the others (and most are in this category) who have made up for it since, need harbour no superiority complex as they handle it.

Conversely, Third Programme listeners are not the only people who will enjoy AN ASSESSMENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY LITERATURE (*Secker & Warburg.* 8*s.* 6*d.*), six B.B.C. lectures by J. Isaacs. His titles are perhaps more intimidating : " The Age of Anxiety ", " The Stream of Consciousness ", " Culture, Chaos and Order " and the like, but his critical lenses have managed to sweep into focus a panoramic view which otherwise is too near for any but piecemeal treatment. After all, as he says : " It has taken us 300 years to sum up the first half of the seventeenth century—an age, like ours, of psychology and criticism, of science and politics and tough poetry." Even so, this is no reason why he should have omitted an index, for names in plenty can be picked out in the scenery. What is not for the listening gander is very much sauce for the reading goose.

GRACE BANYARD

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